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Francis Rufus Bellamy, Publisher Ernest Hamlin Abbott, Editor-in-Chief

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Malcolm Waters Davis Dixon Merritt Harold T. Pulsifer
Frances Lamont Robbins Parkhurst Whitney

William L. Ettinger, Jr., Advertising Manager

William A. Grevers, Circulation Manager

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From Publisher—To You

A SINCERE believer in prohibition—not a Drinking Dry nor an Anti-Saloon League propagandist—wrote us the other day that he could no longer read any magazine without finding himself labeled as a Puritanical hypocrite and a fanatic. "In such a case," he queried, "who are the real fanatics?"

In the same mail we ourselves, because of our sincere stand on the other side, were the recipient of the following epithets: Nullificationist, whisky propagandist, enemy of the country, moral pervert, destroyer of the integrity of the Constitution, agent of the liquor traffic, foe of the Church.

THERE would seem here to be a common ground upon which both sincere prohibitionists and sincere revisionists might stand against the attacks of the fanatics on both sides. Certainly, a man ought to be able to voice his belief that prohibition is a good thing without being made a target for insults. Certainly also, another man should be granted sincerity and decent motives if he has come to the conclusion that the present Prohibition Law is not the best way to solve the social problem involved.

PERSONALLY, we are weary of the gentlemen who assume to voice the opinions of the Deity on the subject and proceed to brand as unmoral and irreligious all who do not agree with them. We think they are the curse of their friends and the unconscious aiders of their enemies. They completely befog the problem.

A certain set of circumstances may make bone-dry prohibition an absolute practical necessity in Georgia; whereas a different set of circumstances will make it impractical and unenforceable in New York. In such case for Georgia to legislate for New York or New York for Georgia is to disregard common sense as well as to violate the principle of local self-government.

FUNDAMENTALLY, this is what is wrong with the present form of National enactment. Call it unconstitutional sumptuary legislation, or a noble experiment, if you like. It remains the forcing, without sufficient justification in necessity, of the social habits of one community on the people of another. We refuse to believe that it is the best method of regulation which can be devised.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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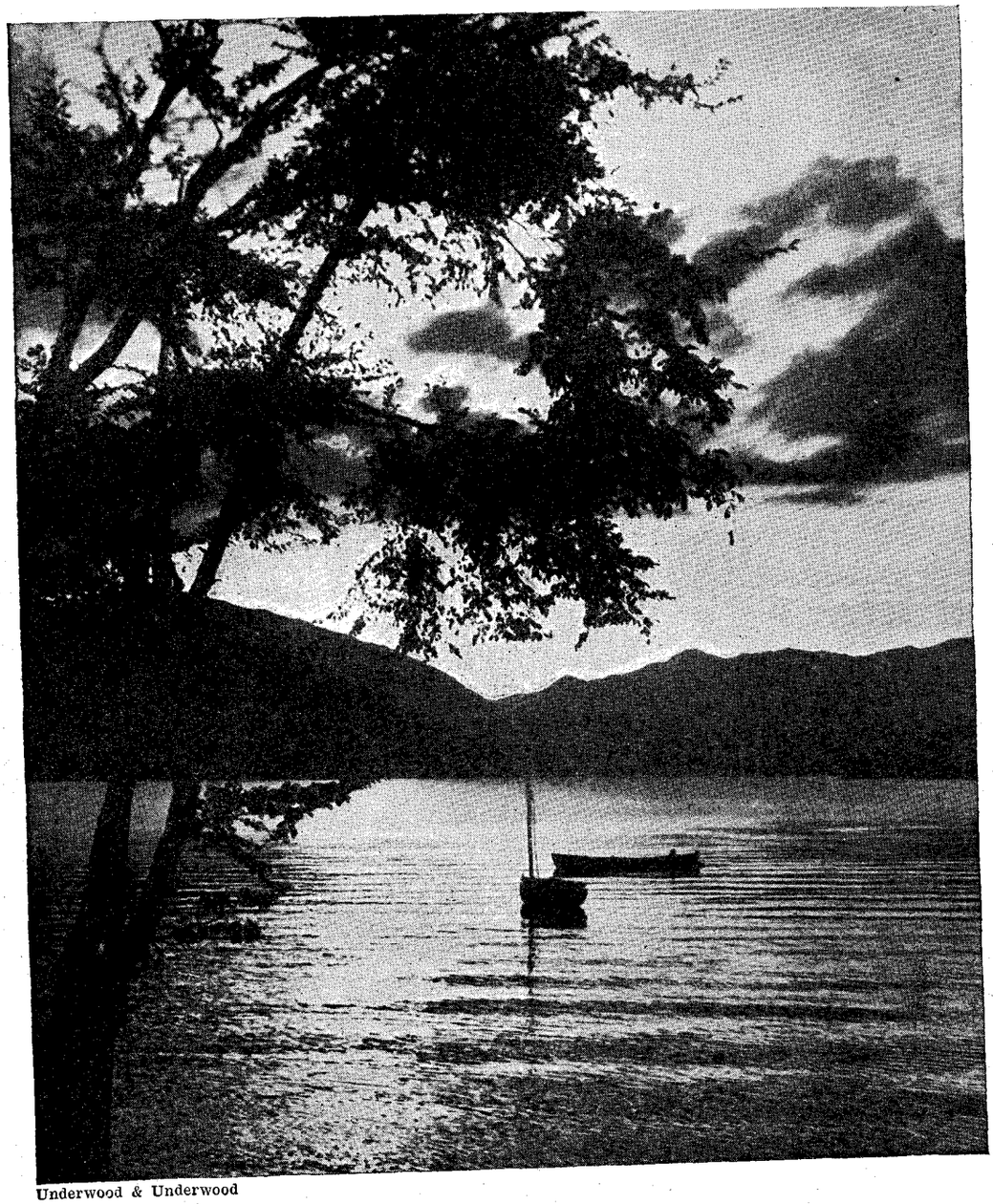

Underwood & Underwood

DAY'S END

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The Outlook

August 15, 1928

The World This Week

A Corn Belt Conversion

GOVERNOR SMITH and Mr. George Nelson Peek have talked things over; as a consequence the candidate has reiterated his intention, if elected, to give immediate attention to the farmer, and Mr. Peek has announced that that suits him.

This is politically important, since Mr. Peek is one of the authors of the McNary-Haugen Bill and Chairman of the Executive Committee of the North Central States' Agricultural Conference. Mr. Peek acknowledges that at the moment he is speaking for only one voter—himself. Nevertheless Peek is a power. He has been called the Wayne Wheeler of farm relief. Neither man had recognized political standing, but both cracked their whips and Congress jumped. It was Peek's committee which twice drove the McNary-Haugen Bill as far as President Coolidge.

Governor Smith said:

"Control of the sale of agricultural surplus is recognized by our platform as an essential need, its cost to be imposed on the unit to be benefited. That principle is fixed by our platform, on which I stand—only the detail of its accomplishment remains.

"As I have said, I shall immediately, if I am elected, ask the best farm leaders and economists to work out this detail with me. Republicans like Governor Lowden, as well as Democrats who have studied this problem, will be called upon for this patriotic service."

Mr. Peek said:

"I feel certain that he has a clear and correct understanding of the farm problem and that he will solve it with intellectual honesty if he is elected President. . . . I shall support his candidacy for President."

End of the Equalization Fee

"CAN your statement be construed as indorsement of the equalization fee?" interviewers asked Governor Smith.

"My views are summed up in an editorial in this morning's 'World,'" he replied. He read the significant passage

"We take it that Governor Smith's declaration comes down to this:

"(*a*) That the Democratic Party is committed to the principle of controlling the sale of agricultural surpluses, the cost to be borne by the group benefited.

"(*b*) That the plan for applying this principle contained in the McNary-Haugen Bill is not acceptable to him.

"(*c*) That he has no plan of his own for carrying out that principle.

"(*d*) That he promises after election to work out such a plan."

Thus both candidates as well as the President are on record as opposed to the equalization fee of the McNary-Haugen Bill. Mr. Peek said that he was still pleased with the candidate's position. The equalization fee seems to be out of the campaign.

The Price of Loyalty

IN declaring his support of Governor Smith, Senator Harris, of Georgia, has revealed something of what it costs a Southern Democratic office-holder to be loyal this year to the nominee of his party.

"Practically all who have mentioned the matter to me," said Senator Harris, "have urged me to remain quiet and take no part in the National election of my party, the party which honored me. Many have warned me of the dangerous effect on my campaign for re-election two years from now."

It is all but unbelievable that there are no Democrats in Georgia to urge a Democratic Senator to support a Democratic nominee for President, but Senator Harris says that it is a fact. None the less, he announces that he will actively support Governor Smith, and the Columbus "Enquirer-Sun," Julian Harris's paper, applauds him, saying: "Senator Harris has merely done his loyal duty in announcing that he will support the party which has always supported him. . . . Democracy needs the aid of every true and valiant son at a time when betrayers from within are attempting to open her gates to the enemy from without."

If the Southern bolt has swept away some who might have been expected to stand firm, it has left some standing firm who might have been expected to go out with the flood. Governor Graves, of Alabama, elected by the Ku Klux Klan, has lined up for Governor Smith with the simple statement that he is a Democrat and that Democrats support the nominee.

"Unreasonable Scarecrow"

IF Mr. Hoover is elected, the tariff will go up and taxes down; if Governor Smith, quite the other way around. So Senator Smoot, Treasury watchman these many years, has been remarking.

"Exactly the illogical and unreasonable scarecrow the Republican Party constantly uses," retorts Senator Key Pittman. "Statements of such purport were made by Senator Smoot after the Baltimore Convention, when Woodrow Wilson was nominated. The Baltimore Convention pledged the party to enact a Federal Reserve Act. Smoot and his type of politician said the Democratic Party was opposed to business and would never do it.

"The Republican Party had been dis-

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cussing the necessity for economic legislation for years and did not act. The Democratic Party, in less than twelve months after Wilson was inaugurated, passed the Federal Reserve Act by unanimous vote of the Democrats in the Senate and House.

"The Baltimore Democratic platform pledged itself to a fiscal system for the farmers. Senator Smoot and men of his type said we would never keep our pledge. Inside of a year the legislation creating the farm banking system was made into a law.

"There is no doubt that the Democratic Party's view with regard to the tariff has been in a state of evolution for the last twenty-five years. There is no doubt that with the growth of the West and South from a previous agricultural country to sections of varied industries, the theory of the low tariff has ceased to exist.

"The tariff plank in the 1928 platform contains the frank and definite expression of the Democratic Party today. It declares, unequivocally, for maintenance of high standards of wages and conditions of labor. . . . Men like Raskob and Woodin, who have greater business interests at stake than Senator Smoot and the rest of the Republican politicians, would not associate themselves with the Democratic Party . . . if there was the slightest doubt of the Democratic Party and the purposes of Governor Smith when he becomes President."

Bad Business for Big Business

BIG Business does not want to get involved in politics. This is not for the sake of politics, but for the sake of business. The General Motors Corporation is one of the important organizations in Big Business today. According to its president, its value as measured in the market today is "approximately $3,500,000,000," and of this "$2,650,000,000 is the value established by the public for the corporation's good will." The corporation wants to keep away from anything that brings that good will into jeopardy.

In a letter to Miss Emily Marx, Republican candidate for the New York Assembly, Mr. Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., President of General Motors, replying to an inquiry, has written:

"As to the situation which has developed as a result of John J. Raskob, Chairman of our Finance Committee, accepting the position of Chairman of the National Democratic Committee, I wish to say most frankly that I regret the situation and have been disturbed by it. . . . I feel that it is most detrimental to the interest of General Motors, as well as to any corporation, to have any situation develop which causes the impression in the public mind, rightly or wrongly, that that corporation is concerned with any political situation.

"Mr. Raskob made the decision and took the place without consultation with his associates; therefore we had a situation to deal with which was a very unpleasant one. . . . Our organization consists of over 200,000 individuals, and, naturally, they reflect every shade of political belief and opinion on public and personal questions. Each is entitled to his own individual opinion and the corporation is not concerned with such opinions."

Halladay in the Providence Journal

Another Moses

Later, in an address at Flint, Michigan, when the Buick Motor Company, a subsidiary of General Motors, celebrated its silver anniversary, Mr. Sloan reiterated the principle that every individual in the organization has the right to think as he likes on "politics, religion, prohibition, or the like." And he added: "General Motors is not in politics. It will not permit its prestige, its organization, or its property to be used for political purposes." He summed up the matter by saying, "Our business is to make and sell motor cars and other products."

The Foreign Vote

THERE are in this country 7,000,000 naturalized citizens entitled to vote. Who will get most of them? No telling yet, says Mr. Read Lewis, director of the Foreign Language Newspaper Service, after perusing a survey of foreign-language newspapers.

"It is apparent," he says, "that upon the candidates and the major issues of the campaign, such as prohibition, farm relief, and religion in politics, the divergence of opinion among the foreign-language editors is as great as among the editors of newspapers published in the English language. There is not only a lack of unity between the various racial groups, but each seems to be split within itself."

Thus the "New Yorker Staats Zeitung" is outspoken for Hoover, but the "Detroiter Abendpost" says he may reasonably expect five per cent of ninety-five per cent of the so-called German vote recently promised him. The "Dziennik Chicagoski" is for Smith, and the "Kuryer Polski," of Milwaukee, is for Hoover. The "Glas Naroda Slovene," Republican daily, says, "Now comes the time when it will be said everywhere what a fine lot we are—we foreign-born voters."

The "Swedish Nordstjernan," of New York likes Smith, but the "Svea," of Worcester, Massachusetts, says no candidate ever entered a campaign with greater handicaps.

So it goes; which means that the copying of these names is taking too much of our time.

Secularizing Turkey

MME. HALIDÉ EDIB was one of the leaders of the Nationalist movement in Turkey which produced the present Turkish Republic—was, in fact, Corporal Halidé in the Turkish Nationalist army. She has been lecturing at the Wiliamstown Institute of Politics, the first woman to appear there as a lecturer.

The new Turkey is, she said, not atheistic, but its government has been secularized, Church and State have been separated. Islam, she pointed out—unlike Christianity—has been not only a religion but a political system. This fact makes the abolition of a state religion in a Mohammedan country like Turkey more revolutionary than the separation of Church and State in Western nations. It was not Mustapha Kemal, with whose régime she is not in sympathy, that forced secularization upon Turkey; it was rather a long process going on for nearly a century.

"A people's religion," Mme. Edib said, "if it satisfies their moral and spiritual needs, is all the deeper and more sincere if it has nothing to do with such changing things as politics and government. A state which calls itself a Church State is bound to be restricted in its policy. It may be a good policy, but it is one-

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sided at best. Besides, a Church State hurts and perverts religion when it thinks itself free to use religion for bringing about this or that policy. Both religion and state must be free and independent of one another. A religion separated from the state and entirely given to matters of conscience and spiritual life is bound to be a broader and higher thing. . . . In Turkey, those things which be Cæsar's have been rendered to Cæsar, but the things which belong to God have not yet been rendered to God."

Texas Straws

CURRENT talk of a break-up of the Solid South is not supported by Democratic primary results in Texas.

The good news for the Smith forces is to be seen in the returns for Lieutenant-Governor. The contest was principally between Barry Miller, a Catholic and avowed supporter of Governor Smith, and Thomas B. Love, dry champion and bitter opponent of the Presidential nominee. Miller's victory was decisive; the more impressive because he was seeking a third term, and probably lost the votes of erstwhile followers who are firm for precedent.

Governor Dan Moody's victory over L. I. Wardlaw, Ferguson candidate, was also impressive, but not so significant as Miller's triumph. Moody had previously declared his loyalty to the National ticket, but at the same time demanded effective enforcement of prohibition and the election of dry Democratic Representatives.

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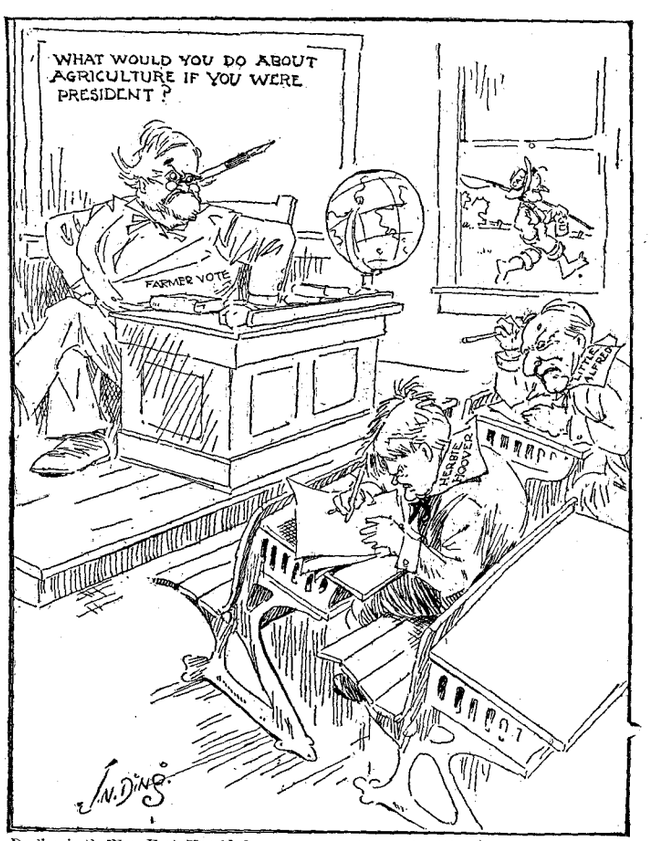
For Democratic salvation



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Summer school

Uncle Sam on a World Police Force?

JUST how all the nations concerned interpret the Kellogg treaty outlawing war has become more important than the wording of the treaty itself. Sir Austen Chamberlain, the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, has had some things to say on this subject in the House of Commons which merit the world-wide attention they have received—and particularly in the United States. In the course of a warning against expecting too much of the treaty, he remarked:

"The proposal is a recognition . . . that war is a thing to be had recourse to only in the last resort. How much more it will be will, in my opinion, depend not upon any engagement taken by the United States Government, but on how the rest of the world thinks the United States is going to judge the action of an aggressor and whether the United States will help him or hinder him in his aggression.

"If the American nation ranges itself behind its own treaty, then indeed the signature of the treaty will be an additional and most formidable deterrent of

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war, and it will be in addition a most valuable security for peace.

"That is what his Majesty's Government has hoped it would be, and it was in that spirit that his Majesty's Government has been glad to co-operate with the United States in bringing its proposal to the fruition of union."

About the so-called "British Monroe Doctrine" that the Government outlined in one of its reservations to the Kellogg treaty, indicating areas of British administration and interest as exempt from interference on the part of other Powers, Sir Austen said in reply to Lloyd George and other critics:

"Does anybody suppose that the American Government in proposing this treaty means to abolish or change its policy in regard to the Monroe Doctrine? . . . Why should it be thought that this country is doing anything unreasonable . . . if it states what everybody knows—that there are certain parts of the world in which we, too, have a Monroe Doctrine? . . . Our doctrine is not one of aggression or the desire of territorial expansion, but a pure measure of self-defense."

Apparently, in outlawing war we shall be recognizing at the same time the legality of a good many other things that need careful consideration.

A Governor in Exile

THE death of William S. Taylor in Indianapolis calls to mind a murder sensation and political turmoil of over a quarter of a century ago. Taylor was declared elected Governor of Kentucky on the Republican ticket and took office. William Goebel, the Democratic candidate, contested the appeal and was declared elected by the lower branch of the State Legislature.

Thereupon anarchy ensued. Two Governors were trying to hold the reins. Armed followers, largely mountaineers with rifles in hand, flocked into Frankfort. An intra-State war threatened. The tension was doubled when Goebel was shot dead on the street by a rifleman hidden in a public building. No one charged that Taylor had fired the fatal shot, but he was indicted for conspiracy to murder, together with one Youtsey (who probably did the shooting) and Caleb Powers, who was Taylor's Secretary of State. Thereupon Taylor fled to Indiana—whether or not he was in any degree guilty his life was in danger every minute he stayed in Kentucky.

One of the unusual features of the case was that Indiana repeatedly refused to grant to the Kentucky authorities the extradition of Taylor because Indiana's Governors believed that Taylor could not get a fair trial on the indictments running against him in his own State.

The Goebel murder is a long-gone-by incident, but it was fierce and strange, and its resulting partisan bitterness shook Kentucky's political base for years.

Textile Troubles

A STRIKE in the cotton mills has been going on for about four months in the textile mills at New Bedford, involving, reports say, two thousand workers. Labor trouble has existed also in the Fall River mills. This economic unrest did not gain public attention at a distance until at New Bedford large numbers of strikers were arrested because of demonstrations and wholesale picketing. Yet that part of the question is local; the conditions that produced disturbance are of National importance.

In New England and Old England simultaneously there has been trouble in the textile manufacturing business—a little while ago 700 mills in England were closed. In both countries cuts of wages have been made—at New Bedford 10 per cent, in England 12½ per cent. But a compromise may be found. The dispute is simple to understand, but not easy to deal with permanently. The mill owners say that they cannot make profits because of swelling competition: in New England competition from the South; in Old England competition from China, Japan, India, and even America. The workers say, for their side, that wages should not be cut, because they would not be able to live on less pay than other workmen of equal skill receive.

Obviously, the question of trade and competition must evolve its own answer through economic demand and supply, coupled with intelligent adaptation of production to suit each country or locality.

As to the immediate question between workers and owners, we commend to them the recent example of English railway owners and workers. A wage cut was resented by the unions. A big strike loomed ahead. After deliberate discussion by representatives of workers and capitalists a compromise was reached. The men accepted a smaller cut than at first proposed on condition that it should affect every one, officials and all. The saving is at the rate of $15,000,000 a year. Rightly, J. H. Thomas, of the National Union of Railway Men, declares: "It was a great settlement—a triumph for British common sense."

English Unemployment

LACK of work in Great Britain is the greatest problem that the Conservative Cabinet of Premier Baldwin has to face. The Government has just defeated in Parliament a resolution of censure pressed by the Labor Opposition for failure to deal effectively with unemployment. But victory in the House of Commons does not end the emergency in the country.

When the Conservatives drove the Laborites out of power four years ago, there were not as many unemployed workers in Great Britain as there are now. Then the Conservatives attributed the crisis to the after-effects of the war and to Labor incompetency in industrial reconstruction. But their trade policies never succeeded in cutting down the numbers of the jobless much below a million. Now there are nearly 1,275,000, mainly in the coal-mining, building, ship-building, and textile industries. And the Conservatives themselves admit that it is no after-the-war trouble, but a continuing problem of economic readjustment. The use of oil has cut down the use of coal; demands for building are not sufficient to keep the construction workers busy; competition has cut into ship-building and manufacturing activity.

The Government says that over 200,000 workers and their families must move to other parts of the country or go overseas to the Dominions to find employment, and it will do all it can to assist them. But that plan does not content men out of work or their political spokesmen. Unemployment is likely to be the main issue in a general election contest before the next year is out.

Gold Is Gold

THE recent exhibition of a collection of old Roman coins, some of them going back beyond the time of Christ in date, led to an interesting remark by the collector, Mr. John C. Clarke. It was that these gold coins were worth neither more nor less today than they were two thousand years ago. If turned into the mint for coinage, they would make just the same number of United States gold coins as would the same weight of gold fresh from the mine. So that if these old coins were sold in the market any extra price would be because of their rarity. But these particular coins are not rare

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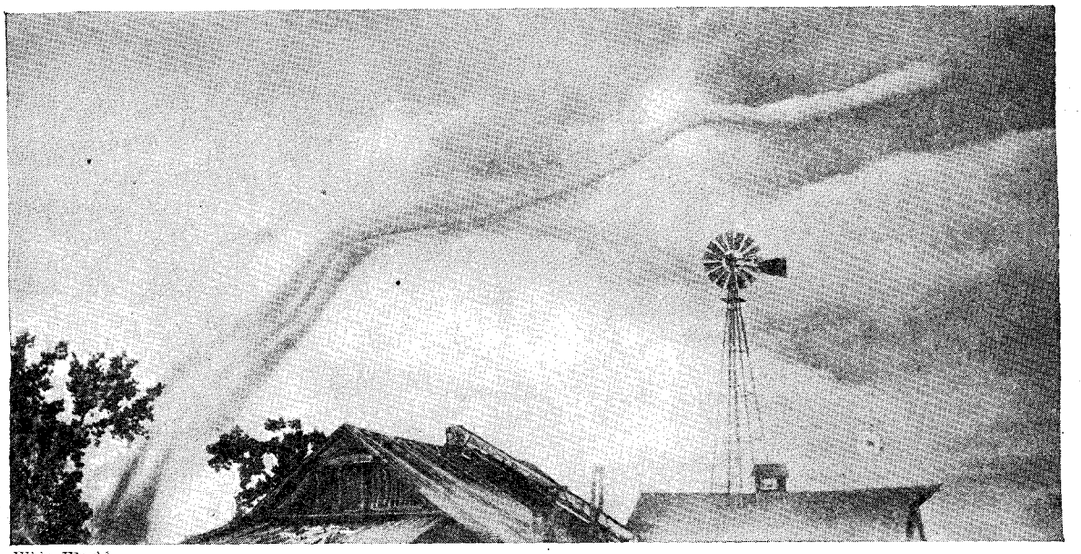

Wide World

A TORNADO TWISTER

touching the ground from a black cloud, which was photographed by Miss Lucille Handberg at the risk of her life as the storm passed Sherman, South Dakota

at all. They may have romantic associations, but no extra cash value.

The ancients got along somehow without banking facilities, and the peasants of Europe have generally done so even to this day. When an old-time Roman was afraid of thieves or looting or war, he buried his precious gold and jewels; and if he died without telling others of the secret, the treasure might lie hidden for centuries.

So it is that gold and silver coins are being turned up to this day in great numbers when deep foundations or excavations or road building and railway cuts are in process.

It is true that these old gold coins once had a much greater buying power than they have now, but that was the ancients' good fortune.

No Rubber Peonage

Two years ago Harvey S. Firestone, an American manufacturer of large means and experience, told the world how he hoped to enlarge rubber production and help supply to overtake demand. He leased a million acres of land in Liberia from the Government and has been pushing the project ever since—rubber-growing takes time.

Now come intimations that the Liberians who are working for Mr. Firestone's company are in a state of peonage.

The accusation is in the form of a statement laid before the League of Nations by M. Jurod, President of the International Society for the Protection of Natives. Just how much investigation this long-named society has made does not appear. But the peonage theory seems to rest on the assertion that the loan to the Liberian Republic by the Firestone Company closes the door of rubber production to the Republic and to commerce at large—the idea being that such a condition must produce peonage in the future.

Mr. Firestone's answer to this is convincing. He says, "As the Firestone Company controls only one million acres in Liberia and there are forty-two million acres of land available, it is obvious that no such scheme is contemplated."

Wages, he says, are regular and adequate, and the workers are as free to quit their jobs as men in American factories.

As The Outlook remarked when this vast plan was announced, Mr. Firestone is no Colonel Mulberry Sellers and the prospects for large future rubber production are good.

Meanwhile Mr. Firestone's warm personal friends, Henry Ford and Thomas Edison, are working at the rubber problem in other ways. Mr. Ford is just now sending equipment and engineers to begin rubber development in his five-million-acre tract in Brazil. As has been pointed out, that acreage is almost as great as Massachusetts. Even though a rubber tree takes seven years to get its bearing growth, it surely looks as if the future demand is in a way to be met. Mr. Edison is working on another idea—that he may ultimately find plants which have chemical elements of rubber enough to make their growth by cultivation profitable. And, of course, there is always the possibility that some one may find out how to make synthetic rubber that is both good and cheap enough to be marketable.

Color Movies

THE newly announced "Kodacolor" or natural color motion pictures developed in the Eastman laboratories are a sort of reproach to every one who has ever harbored—and who has not?—the secret hope of inventing something worth while, or at least worth a competence; for their essential principle has been readily available for decades to every reader of an elementary physics text-book. Others who have perfected color movies have had to resort to one complication or another, usually expensive and requiring expert skill.

The principle of the new process is utterly simple; but, since it has been described in the newspapers, no effort need be made to explain it here. To do so, in fact, would require a page, several diagrams, and the assurance that the average reader cared for the science of it. Suffice it to say that the film does not actually record a bit of color. What happens, essentially, is that a black-and-white shade is recorded for every color in the object photographed. When the film is later projected, the process is reversed, every black-white tone going automatically back into its corresponding color. This is a matter of position; each position of a black-white shade has its equivalent color. Similar translations and retranslations occur more frequently

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in modern life than we realize. A telephone, for example, never transmits a voice, but rather a series of electrical signals which the receiving instrument turns again into sounds. Of course the new color movies have their limitations. Since the films cannot be duplicated from a negative, they will be limited to private use. But for how long? Those who recall that it is hard to stump an inventor will expect it not to be long. The problem of duplication is, however, a real poser in this case.

With the radio in the home, television coming down the front walk, and color movies entering the door, home is becoming more interesting to some and less of a peaceful retreat to others.

Tunney and the Boxing Business

In three bouts, about two hours of actual fighting, he has earned approximately two million dollars. He is not ungrateful. He will always take an active interest in boxing.

"It is a game which, properly conducted, teaches such qualities as stamina, confidence, patience, self-denial, bodily fitness, mental alertness, and courage.

"But the time has come when professional boxing can offer me nothing further that I desire. I am putting it behind me, grateful for benefits conferred, but with the feeling that I am still young enough to make a new start in other fields."

Thus Gene Tunney, heavyweight champion of the world, at a luncheon in honor of William Muldoon, eighty-two-year-old boxing commissioner, reconditioner of prominent citizens, and one-time trainer of the great John L. Sullivan.

Those close to the young champion say that this is the last word; that he will not think better of his decision, as old Jeffries did. They say he is going to be a banker; that he is going to take on Hegel and the champions of philosophy in a four-year bout at the Sorbonne.

Tunney's only admission is to repeat: "I am still young enough to make a start in other fields."

So passes from the arena a champion who earned the warm regard and affection of a few and the puzzled dislike of the mob. He was not a proper headliner. He had read a book, he talked about Shakespeare, he hobnobbed with authors of the first rank. The customers of the "cauliflower industry" want a killer, a mauler, a socker, an ape-man, a strong-boy. This fellow was only—the best the phrase-makers could do was "ex-marine" and "Greenwich Village shipping clerk." The mob showed its dislike by staying away from his last fight in such numbers that the man who really took the count was Tex Rickard, impresario of million-dollar gates.

The admiring few say that Gene Tunney is a smart young chap who saw that there was money in the boxing business, took out of it every cent that he wanted, and then got out of it himself. They say that the "Battle of the Century" is knocked out and through the ropes, and that the man who did it is the retiring champion.

Self-Starting Minds

Not to train men for a profession, but to "furnish the nation with a class whose intellectual machinery runs from its own motive power"—that is the aim of the American college according to Professor L. B. Richardson, of Dartmouth. He was speaking to educators at a session in Chicago of the annual Institute of Administrative Officers of Institutions of Higher Learning. Professor Richardson continues:

"In these days of so-called liberalism, of "Nations" and "New Republics," but likewise of one hundred per cent Americanism and Daughters of a Revolution which has ceased to revolve; of revolutionists and fundamentalists; of Ku Klux Klans and Governor Al Smiths; of anti-saloon and personal liberty leagues; of pacifists and militarists; of Theodore Dreiser and of Harold Bell Wright; of Dr. Cadman and Sinclair Lewis and Eddie Guest and Calvin Coolidge and Big Bill Thompson, it is an asset to the community if a considerable element in it is in the habit of making up their minds upon controverted questions on a surer basis than personal prejudices, snap judgment, or supine yielding to well-organized propaganda."

Those who complain that the American college "bears little resemblance to an educational institution," that people can talk less intelligently of Senator Borah than of Gene Tunney or Bobby Jones, and that the college fails to inculcate high ideals of public service, should remember, he thought, that college students "come from a public like that of Chicago, whose judgment as to the importance of idealism in its public offices is a matter of statistical record."

Because its students come from this social order and go back to it, the college does its duty only as it enables college men to modify their social order for the better. For this reason Professor Richardson held that the junior college, useful though it may be, cannot supplant the four-year liberal arts college.

Cellulose and the Future

Last summer, as readers with long memories may recall, the newspapers were full during a month with accounts of interesting problems American chemists were attacking at the Institute of Chemistry of the American Chemical Society. The same sort of gathering is being held this summer at Evanston, near Chicago, and the topics under discussion have run largely to the future exploitation of plant products. Twenty years ago the chemists were promising the rest of us a new civilization based on chemical discoveries. They are making good that promise. Take cellulose, for example. Wood is mostly cellulose; so is the corn plant and a host of other plants, including cotton. The paper on which these words appear is cellulose, and so is rayon.

What chemists are seeking, now that cellulose has been used for shelter and clothing, is a way to make food of it. At present the only way to do this is to feed it to cows in the form of grass or hay and then eat the cows. This is wasteful in the extreme. If we could find out how to make some of its atoms rearrange themselves, we would have sugar. That is the problem that now engages the attention of the German chemist Bergius, of whose method of turning coal into gasoline we have written in previous issues.

Future civilization is likely to be built largely on a basis of carbohydrates, chiefly cellulose. We shall doubtless despise nature's inefficient processes of building these carbohydrates up, and create everything ourselves—food, shelter, and clothing—out of carbon and hydrogen atoms which chemists will have learned to shunt around into the desired combinations. The modern world progresses, materially at least, on two rapidly lengthening legs—one is physics, the other is chemistry.

The Deadly Tsetse Fly

One form of African sleeping sickness has a death rate of virtually one hundred per cent. Another form takes sooner or later the lives of ninety-five per cent of the infected.

This almost incredible statement is made by Dr. Stratman-Thomas, now on his way to the Belgian Congo, where sleeping sickness exists in an area of a

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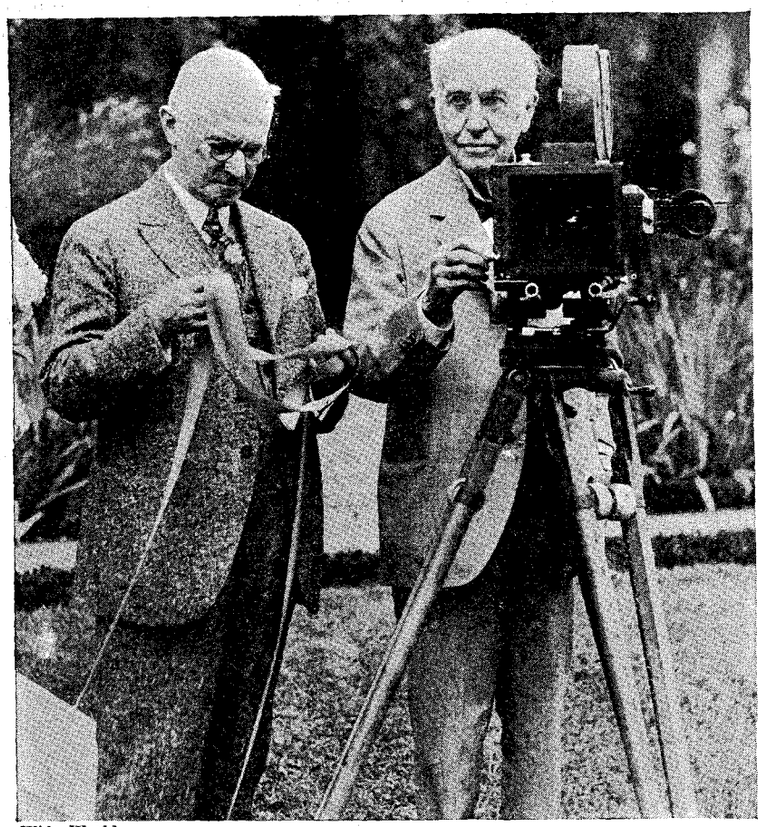

Wide World

TWO MODERN MIRACLE MEN

George Eastman, Kodak manufacturer, demonstrates to Thomas A. Edison the new color motion-picture film for amateur photographers

million square miles, and has been endemic for two centuries. What is less well known is that cases exist in Arabia, Persia, and Palestine. So far no specific cure has been found.

Dr. Stratman-Thomas is a research pharmacologist of the University of Wisconsin. He goes to Africa through the co-operation of that University with the Guggenheim Memorial Fund and the Parke-Davis Laboratories. Research work has made it highly probable that the right way to fight this terror to life (spread undoubtedly by the tsetse fly) is with an arsenic compound. Six such compounds have been selected from nearly a hundred and forty that have been tried on infected animals. These six will be tested in the Congo region in thousands of cases of men and animals and continued later in more concentrated experiments.

When one reflects on the enormous mortality of this disease and the fact that even the small number of survivors are generally little better than idiots, it is evident that science must use its utmost powers to find a remedy. Such a disease might easily depopulate the globe but for the fact that the tsetse fly is restricted in locale. Fortunately, also, the African sleeping sickness is not at all akin to the form of encephalitis which has sometimes been called sleeping sickness in this country.

Keep Your Own Tally Sheet

Not the least of the unique distinctions of the Olympic Games is that they have no official scorer, and not even an official scoring method. The spectator is left to keep his own tally sheet according to his racial or national predilection. According to the American method, which, by the way, is by no means Anglo-Saxon, as might be supposed, the United States piled up enough points to win the meet long before it was over. The American system of scoring, adopted by the American correspondents, gives ten points for first place, five for second, four for third, three for fourth, two for fifth, and one for sixth. The result is that with the financial backing for a full entry list in almost every event it was next to impossible for the United States to lose the games, especially as the American scorers also scored the British Dominions overseas as separate entities. The Britons, on the contrary, count only first places, but in their list they count Canada, South Africa, and every unit under the Union Jack. The Finnish scorer, finding events in which his compatriots finish first and second, naturally enough raises the value of second place from five to eight points, while cutting down third position and stopping there. Further, the United States keeps tally only of the track and field games, rejoicing over possible victories in other events, but not being downhearted in the event of defeat. Some scorers, of course, will add the swimming victories to the American point totals. The International Olympic Committee found in past games that the scoring developed into a nuisance, even to the extent of disturbing international athletic relations. It therefore refused to sponsor any system at all. It is considered hopeless to establish a league of nations when it comes to scoring.

Down at Sea

This summer's history of aviation is unique in rescues accomplished, rescues that failed, and rescues still pursued—the last, like that of Amundsen and his crew, even yet not altogether hopeless.

In the week-end before this issue goes to press two rescues were made of transatlantic fliers. Captain Courtney and three companions, after a flight to the Azores from England, started the air journey from Horta, in the Azores, to Newfoundland, but came down in trouble about 800 miles from the start and 1,600 miles east of New York; steamships, informed by radio, rushed to their rescue, and they were brought to New York by the Minnewaska. Captain Courtney has had ill luck or trouble aplenty, for a year and a half he has tried to achieve an east-to-west transatlantic flight, but over and over again has been thwarted.

Before Courtney was ashore came the news that two Polish fliers, Idzikovski and Kubala, bravely attempting the Paris-to-New York (or Newfoundland) flight, were down at sea and had been rescued by the German cargo ship Samos; their circuitous flight, before and after trouble developed, covered as long a distance as that from Paris to New York. Kubala was injured. The rescued men were taken to Spain.

Many, even among the enthusiasts, are asking whether the time has not come when this kind of transocean flight has not ceased to be a practical aid to the advance of aviation.

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Windows on the World

By Malcolm W. Davis

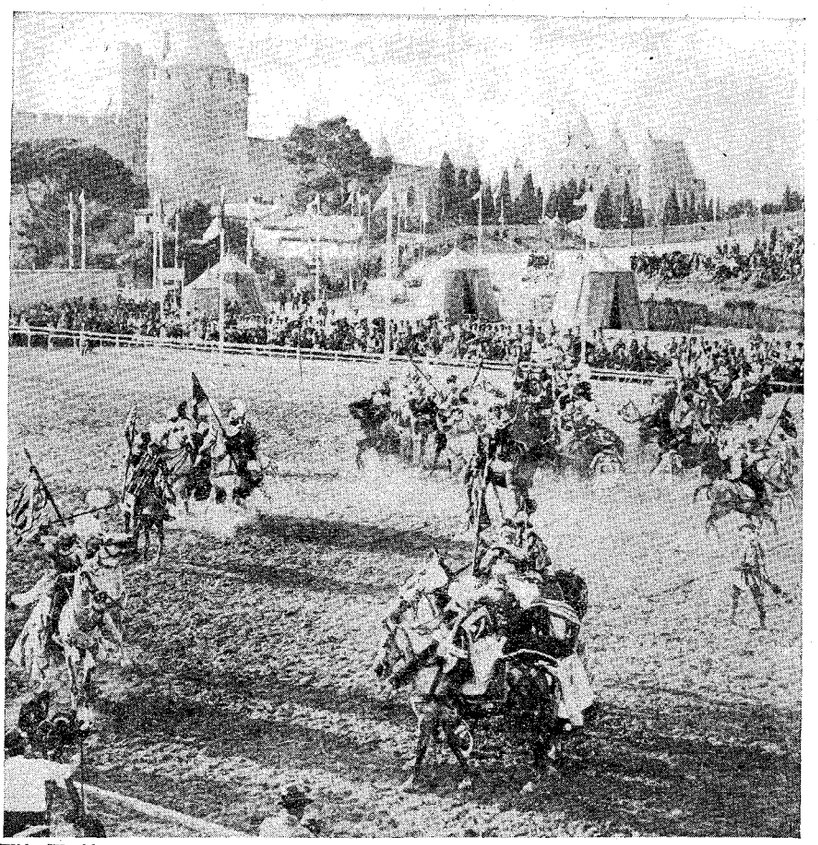
A DEAL between Great Britain and France that strengthens their political association is evidently the outcome of their long negotiations regarding strength at sea. It is of course inaccurate to speak of their *entente cordiale* as an alliance in the strict sense of that word. But such, for all practical purposes, it proved to be in the World War, and so it might prove again in a crisis. That is the reason that all Europe is giving close attention to their new naval accord.

Briefly, what appears on the surface in the parliamentary announcement made by Sir Austen Chamberlain, the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, is that the two Governments have agreed to limitation of war-ships in four categories—capital ships over 10,000 tons; airplane carriers over 10,000 tons; other surface ships carrying guns of six to eight inches; and submarines over 600 tons. Other types of vessels would not be restricted.

This marks a great concession by France, whose Government has always contended that limitation should apply to total fleet tonnage—a plan which would have left her free to build as many big airplane carriers and submarines as she desired. Obviously, England has gained a significant point to her own advantage, which she has long sought, in the regulation of offensive ships in these classes.

In turn, France seems to have gained recognition by the British Government of her special claim that she needs to maintain a large reserve army. A great many British people have objected to the French establishment of a great military force on the Continent; and this phase of the new agreement is calling forth an outburst of protests. But it undoubtedly was the only basis on which the French would acquiesce in British desires about navies. And the greatest possible degree of freedom from sea and air attack is Great Britain's most vital concern. So the time-honored principle of *quid pro quo* has won another diplomatic triumph.

The terms of the Anglo-French agreement are to be presented to the League of Nations Committee on Disarmament, preparatory to discussion next autumn. They are also being transmitted to the United States. Officials at Washington have made it clear that there is no reason for American objection to limitation by classes, a principle which American spokesmen have advocated at Geneva. The real question concerns ratios of strength and the effect—if any—of the new agreement on the Washington Conference treaty arrangements.



Wide World

THE KNIGHTS RIDE AGAIN IN CARCASSONNE

A view of the ancient joust which took place there recently in celebration of the town's two thousandth anniversary

THE BURLESQUE of self-government in Egypt has been played out. The country has returned to an open admission of what has been practically the fact ever since Great Britain declared it nominally independent after the war. That fact is administration by King Fuad and his appointed Ministers, under direction from London through the British High Commissioner.

The King has suspended sessions of Parliament for three years, or longer if necessary. He has also abolished the freedom of the press from official regulation. He and his Cabinet are to have full legislative authority—and for the present in Egypt, that is that.

The reasons alleged for the new action are corruption in the Government and the difficulty of running national affairs with constant obstruction from the Wafd or Nationalist faction. That is the party formerly headed by the dead leader of the movement for Egyptian liberty, Zaghlul Pasha. The Wafd has opposed British command of the Egyptian police, British protection of foreign interests, British occupation of Egyptian soil in order to guard the Suez Canal, and British separation of the Sudan and the head-waters of the Nile from Egypt. It was responsible for rejection recently by Egypt of a treaty of alliance incorporating these principles. The new order is Great Britain's final exasperated—if indirect—answer. Probably it will mean a heavy hand in government, more efficient business administration of the country, and more economic prosperity. Attempted Wafd demonstrations at Alexandria and Cairo on the return of Mme. Zaghlul from Europe to Egypt were suppressed. But for all that it is to be doubted whether we have heard the last of Egyptian nationalism.

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What's the Matter With White?

THE liner De Grasse, which serves the vintages of France, is at this writing taking William Allen White to Europe; leaving behind about as much interest in the mental processes of the Kansas editor as in the validity of his attacks on the record of Al Smith as Speaker and Assemblyman.

In Olathe, in the corn country, Mr. White tells his Republican audience that Smith is intelligent, courageous, honest, able, but—when he was a legislator he was a Tammany tool and voted the Tammany way for the saloon, the gambler, and the prostitute.

In New York, a few weeks later, he repeats his charges. This time they are not based on a newspaper clipping. He has had Smith's record investigated by two experts. Photostatic copies have been made. The charges, he says, have been sustained.

The next day he gives the press a summarized version of the record. Here is the proof that Smith favored the saloon, the gambler, and the prostitute. Here are the bills and here is the way Smith voted.

Dawns, as the movie writers will have it, another day. More charges? No. In the early morning hours Mr. White has held communion with his better nature. He has always tried to play fair. He sees now that Smith "in casting those votes against those reform bills might honestly have felt that the bills were unconstitutional, or were not enforceable, or infringed upon personal liberty, or encouraged police blackmail." He will withdraw the charges formally "so far as they affect his votes on gambling and prostitution."

Then Mr. White pays tribute to the fairness of the metropolitan press, talks of a Wagnerian debauch in Bayreuth, goes aboard the De Grasse with a "trunk full of money," and hopes he will be sentenced to Europe for the duration of the campaign.

Well! This is a muddled and muddling performance. Just to select one incident, the New York "Evening Post," making an independent investigation of Smith's past, can find no record of legislation affecting prostitution. What's the matter with the author of "What's the Matter With Kansas?"

Let us summon Jay E. House, New York columnist. Mr. House is Kansas home folks. He says we don't understand the editor as Kansas understands him.

"When Old Bill goes on a rampage—and he's nearly always on one"—says Mr. House, "the people read about it in the papers and say, 'Well, I see where Bill White's broke loose again,' and as likely as not forget all about it.

"With unusual qualities of heart and mind, he is a strange mixture of generosity, fairness, kindliness, good humor, inaccuracy, and hot-temperedness. Politically, Kansas, that has known him and loves him, writes him down as unstable as water and uncertain as the wind."

In a word, when you get to know "Old Bill" you make allowances. He is just one of those irrepressibles, the Peter Pan of the prairies, the playboy of the Western World. He will call Hoover an "adding machine," Curtis a "nit wit," and Smith the benefactor of the prostitute. It's just his way.

Still, it is a curious mentality that can play so debonairly with reputations and dynamitic issues.

Heresy!

WHILE preparing a series of studies in Harvard history Professor Samuel Eliot Morrison unearthed recently some notes that the late President Eliot had prepared for an address on the subject "What possessions or acquisitions in college lead to success in after life?"

Dr. Eliot had jotted down:

An available body. Not necessarily the muscles of an athlete. Good circulation, digestion, power to sleep, and alert, steady nerves.

Power of sustained mental labor.

The habit of independent thinking on books, prevailing customs, current events. University training the opposite of military or industrial.

The habit of quiet, unobtrusive, self-regulated conduct, not accepted from others or influenced by the vulgar breath.

Reticent, reserved, not many acquaintances but a few friends. Belonging to no societies perhaps. Carrying in his face the character so plainly to be seen there by the most casual observer, that nobody ever makes to him a dishonorable proposal.

Most of this is excellent. It is the suggestion in the last paragraph that troubles us. What! A man may be reticent, reserved, and yet be successful? What kind of doctrine is that? What are these colleges teaching our boys? We had always supposed that the successful man was he who could slap a thousand cronies on the back, call out their first names, the names of their children, and the license numbers of their automobiles. Dr. Eliot's notion sounds like heresy to us.

Turning a Corner in Mexico

PLENTY of possibilities of trouble still exist in Mexico in the situation created by the assassination of President-elect Obregon. The most encouraging indication that this time they will be avoided consists in the mood of controlled calm with which the Mexican people have met the emergency and in the decision of the police to hand over the assassin to the civil authorities. Heretofore such a crime would have meant immediate use of the firing squad.

A further evidence of improved conditions is the manner in which the Catholic clergy have assisted the investigation—despite the charge of President Calles that they were responsible for stirring up a fanatical follower to kill. Calles has since modified his original accusation by limiting it to certain individuals. It was known that a reconciliation between the Government and the Church was expected under the administration of Obregon by means of a compromise agreement to allow the churches to carry on their services with native priests. The fact that the agrarian followers of Obregon have taken no occasion to attack the Catholic Church is another hopeful sign.

The imminent danger in Mexico is the struggle for power between the agrarians and the Labor Party, which they accuse of complicity in the plot to kill their leader. This conflict, with its menace of civil war, President Calles has been striving to avert by every means, including refusal to admit any possibility of guilt among the leaders of the Labor Party. The progress of events day by day has emphasized the words of Ambassador Morrow to the American Chamber of Commerce:

"We can have firm confidence that Mexico will solve her crisis by due process of law and justice."

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Is Europe Entangling America?

A Critical Study of Secretary Kellogg's Treaty to Outlaw War

By HIRAM MOTHERWELL

This month, we suspect, the word Europe does not suggest a treaty, but Paris nights, English lanes, and German Pilsner. However, Mr. Kellogg has induced fifteen nations to look favorably on his proposal to outlaw war, and Mr. Motherwell presents a critical study of its meaning for this country.

"THE proposal is a recognition of the horror of war. . . . How much more it will be will, in my opinion, depend . . . upon whether the United States will help or hinder [the aggressor] in his aggression." (Sir Austen Chamberlain, British Foreign Secretary.)

"The United States takes a world-wide responsibility of which she shunned the risk during the last ten years. . . . The United States Government becomes the moral guardian of the *status quo* created by the Peace Treaty and subsequent treaties." (Jules Sauerwein, political editor of the Paris "Matin" and semi-official spokesman on international affairs for the French Government.)

THESE statements refer to the multilateral treaty for the "renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy" which was promulgated by Secretary of State Kellogg and which is to be signed in Paris on August 27 by representatives of the fifteen nations which have already formally adhered to it. These nations have, with but one or two exceptions, adhered because they expect thereby to draw America more intimately into European affairs. Without this expectation they would not take the trouble to sign. All newspaper correspondence from Europe asserts this. All authoritative statements which have come from Europe, like those quoted above, confirm it.

These nations expect, or at least hope, that America will from now on be in some degree bound to co-operate with them—that is to say, shape her foreign policies in accordance with their aims and desires. Some have called the treaty "the back door to the League."

On the other hand, Secretary Kellogg has stated that the treaty does not draw us into European affairs.

Juridically, of course, he is entirely right. The treaty, as a legal instrument, has no compulsive force whatever. In a public statement which is accepted as an authoritative interpretation of the meaning of the treaty Mr. Kellogg has stated (1) that if any signatory nation breaks the treaty all other signatories are freed from their obligation not to make war against that nation; (2) that the right to make war in self-defense is inherent in sovereignty and not impaired by this treaty; and (3) that each nation is solely competent to decide whether circumstances require recourse to war in self-defense. In other words, any nation can make war at any time if only it says that it is acting in self-defense—and is prepared to take its chances. Which is exactly what has been done in Europe for centuries.

Is the treaty, then, a mere platonic gesture? Is it, viewed as practical politics, meaningless and valueless? No. It is going to make noble statesmen on both sides of the Atlantic scratch their heads a good many times in the next few decades.

For it has acquired a vast amount of popular enthusiasm in both hemispheres—more, by a good deal, than its promoters foresaw. And public opinion requires a deal of management. All governments which may contemplate war will have to take exceptional pains to convince a generation disillusioned over the moral character of the late war that the new one is really undertaken in self-defense.

THE treaty sets up no standard by which the act of aggression may be judged and designates no authority to judge it. But the greater part of Europe recognizes the Council of the League of Nations as the only tribunal in such matters. When the next war looms, the Council will hold some solemn sessions about it. The Council, be it remembered, is composed largely of the principal parties interested in any European dispute. Votes are lined up and bargained for exactly as in any other parliament. The Council, then, will designate, either unanimously or by majority vote, a certain nation (or alliance of nations) as "aggressor," and will call upon all civilized nations to help punish it, or at least not to hinder other nations in the work of justice.

To America, this particular war may seem just one more intra-European squabble, in which Americans have no concern. But if she sets up her opinion against the official consensus of Europe, she will be in the awkward position of complaining about the eleven stubborn jurymen, or of accusing everybody else in the squad of being out of step. On the other hand, if she defers to the official consensus, what will happen? The clique of nations which managed to get a majority (or unanimous) vote in the Council will turn to America and say:

"Here is a nation guilty of violating your own treaty and you are morally bound to help punish it. You must not sell either munitions or other supplies to this guilty nation. You shall respect any blockade which we see fit to set up. And you shall give us all the supplies we need on credit. If you refuse to follow our instructions, you will appear before the world as guilty of abetting a criminal."

This is the concrete meaning of the familiar phrases about America becoming the moral guardian of peace. There should be no mistaking the fact that when Europe talks about America's moral obligation it means America's cotton and copper and munitions, and long, long credits. Undoubtedly America does not intend to place her policies under the tutelage of Europe. Yet it must not be forgotten that this treaty is supported by millions of persons who are sensitive on moral points, and that the League still carries a good deal of moral authority. Public opinion is the great imponderable in politics. It may be manipulated on a vast scale. But often, at unexpected moments, it imposes itself in ways which governments find it difficult to defy. It may always be possible

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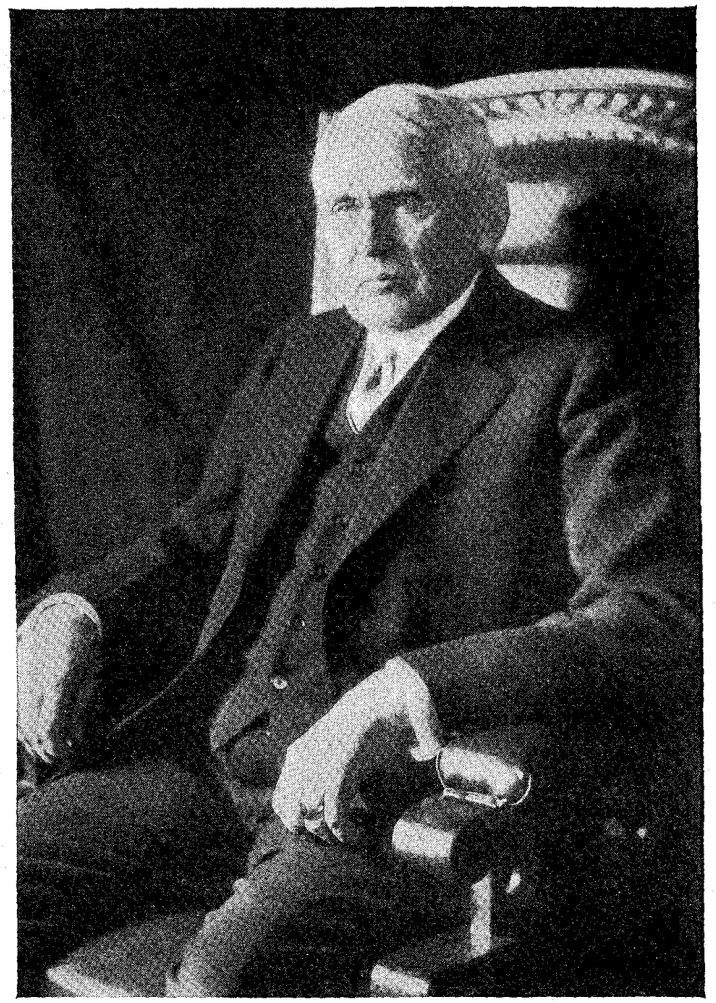

Underwood & Underwood

Frank B. Kellogg

for foreign nations to stampede a large part of the American public to support the League's decision on a moral issue.

A summary of the Briand-Kellogg negotiations reveals pretty clearly that something like this has been in the minds of the European statesmen. The purpose of the original treaty proposed by M. Briand, outlawing war perpetually as between France and the United States, was exactly that which M. Sauerwein finds implicit in the multilateral treaty, namely: to make the United States "the moral guardian of the *status quo* created by the Peace Treaty and subsequent treaties"—in other words, to oblige the United States to guarantee France and French predominance as against the rest of the world. Doubtless M. Briand counted on the popularity of the Borah slogan "outlaw war" to force his treaty through against the better judgment of the State Department. With this treaty in its desk, France could have said to Germany or Italy in the next negotiations: "You had better accept my terms. If you force the issue to the extreme, America can never, never join you against me, but she *might* join me against you." It is such potentials which count in diplomacy.

But the State Department parried this neatly. The embarrassment caused to the French Government by Mr. Kellogg's counter-proposal to abolish war all around is amusingly reflected in the panic-stricken language of Article I of the subsequent French draft treaty. Statesmen passed some bad hours in Paris until Sir Austen Chamberlain reminded them, in effect, that the game was not lost, and that even a multilateral treaty might, with the assistance of the League, draw America into European politics.

So here the matter stands at the ceremonial moment of signing: Legally, the treaty binds America not at all; but in practice it might, in given circumstances, bind her rather effectively.

So let us hunt for trouble. Suppose Austria one day declares herself annexed to Germany. Czechoslovakia, now caught in the "Teutonic pincers," invades Austria to prevent the annexation. Italy, facing the prospect of a strong Power on her northern border instead of a weak one, does likewise. Who is the "aggressor"? Is it the nation which first resorts to arms? Or is it the nation which openly (although peacefully) defies a treaty? Whatever Americans might think of the merits of the case, there is no doubt how the League would decide. Austria and her moral accomplice Germany would be the provokers of war. If they offered passive resistance to the military measures, America would be invited to participate in an economic blockade of their territories. American ships might no longer land at Hamburg. American goods might no longer be sold to Germans or Austrians. American investors might no longer buy German bonds in New York. Conceivably, if Germany and Austria were by that time in a position to resist invasion, America might be summoned to supply arms, and even armies.

Again, suppose Great Britain became involved in war. She would seek to exercise to the full her power of naval blockade. Now, Great Britain's concept of blockade is, in effect, this: that she may at her own discretion search and seize any ships anywhere and declare anything contraband. This is decidedly not the American concept. If Great Britain should some day attempt to maintain her view of blockade by overt acts against American merchant ships, there would certainly ensue a diplomatic conflict which might turn ugly. Britain would like to avoid this conflict at all costs. For if, in the face of America's naval power, she were obliged to abandon or modify her doctrine of blockade, that event would definitely symbolize the end of her naval supremacy. But if, on the other hand, America could always be made to figure as the moral ally of Britain, she would not be free to protest the actions of the British fleet.

Or suppose that the Albanian Govern-

(*Please turn to continuation, page 633*)

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The Worst Political Mess

By DIXON MERRITT

SOMETHING over a quarter of a century ago Judge James Mulligan became famous because of a few stanzas of verse which should have been, though I have forgotten whether they were or not, entitled "Kentuckyest." The thing ran on and on in enumeration of the superlative qualities and achievements of the Dark and Bloody Ground and ended with the line, "And politics the damnedest in Kentucky."

That was true then. It is true now—in Kentucky, just as it is in forty-seven other States. I could realize then that politics was a bit meaner in Kentucky than anywhere else in the world. I was living in Kentucky. I am sure today that Tennessee has the worst political mess in the world. I have just watched a State election and Democratic primary, held on the same day. If I had happened to observe first-hand the political situation in any one of the other forty-six States, I should have been certain that politics is now the damnedest in that particular State.

All men know that the political situation is worst in their own States. They have told me so in at least twenty States during the past twelve months. That belief is of a piece with the one which every man holds that it takes his wife longer than any other woman in the world to put on her hat. He knows no other woman as well as he knows his wife—and he knows no other political situation as well as he knows that in his own State.

Because it would get rid of forty-eight damnedest political messes, I think I could be reconciled to the abolition of the States, States' Rightser though I am. (I am Union Whig on one side, though.)

Here in Tennessee we think that if a couple of newspaper publishers could stop hating each other our political troubles would end. That, of course, is not true. People have the sort of politics that they want and are capable of making.

What makes this situation the very damnedest is that the people have during a political campaign no dependable newspaper information. They are rendered incapable of forming correct judgments because they are unable to get the facts. One of these newspapers—I decline to say which one because I have been associate editor of one and editor-in-chief of the other—is the most reliable newspaper I ever saw when there is no political campaign on. When a campaign begins, it becomes a campaign sheet. For weeks past neither Nashville newspaper has had more than a few scraps of anything except lurid political propaganda. The publisher of one of these newspapers has recently acquired newspapers in two other large cities of the State. Newspapers of independent ownership are practically forced, as every candidate is forced, to line up with one or the other of these journalistic political leaders. And the plain, straight, simple news goes to the deuce.

In every race each paper accuses the opposing candidate of meaner things than was ever done by anybody in government—unless it may have been some people in the United States Veterans' Bureau a bit back. So, no matter who is elected, something like half the people of the State start out believing that a crook is loose in the treasury.

In the campaign just ended the fight centered in the race for the Democratic nomination for Governor. I am writing the morning after the primary was held, and the result is still uncertain. The margin either way will be scant—so scant as to make a contest probable and continued bitter feeling certain. It looks as though Henry H. Horton, who became Governor when Austin Peay died, has been narrowly defeated by Hill McAllister.

If McAllister is elected, the Nashville "Banner" and the newspapers allied with it may be expected to give cordial support to the entire Democratic ticket. The Nashville "Tennessean" and the newspapers allied with it may be expected to give half-hearted support, or none. If it turns out that Horton is elected, the situation will be exactly reversed. In either event, the National ticket will suffer because of the State row.

The bad influence reaches down as well as up. The simple-minded men of half a century ago who framed the present Constitution of the State believed that the judiciary would be less likely to contamination if elected at a different time from administrative and legislative officers, State and Federal. So judges and other judicial officers are elected on the first Thursday in August, while Governor, legislators, Congressmen, and the like are elected on the first Tuesday in November.

That nominally. But the Governor and the others are really elected in the Democratic primary—except in times of revolution—and the Democratic primary is held on the day of the August judiciary election. At most polling-places, the "regular" box and the primary box are separated by only a few feet. And most of the animosities and animadversions of the primary slop over into the "regular" box. It is not too much to say that no man is elected justice of the peace in any civil district in Tennessee uninfluenced by the row which always rages over the higher administrative and legislative offices.

Usually, a campaign for the Democratic nomination for United States Senator is the principal bone of contention. This time it was secondary to the gubernatorial nomination. But the two candidates—Senator Kenneth McKellar and Representative Finis Garrett—were forced to become more or less gummed up in the general row. The result, however, was not so close as in the Governor's race. McKellar retains his seat. Garrett, the Democratic floor leader and one of the ablest men in Congress, retires to private life just at the time when his party has a chance of return to power. But the same forces that defeated him for Senator would have defeated him for re-election as Representative. He chose to lose a big fight rather than a little one. Branded with the enmities of the bitterest campaign that the State has known in recent years, he goes back to his law books in a little frame office under a tree of paradise in a town the size of your hat.

Of course, the way for Tennessee to escape from its Democratic mess is to turn to the Republican Party. So it seems to everybody except Tennesseans.

Is there a man who will suggest that the way out is to move to another State? Certainly not. Every man knows that his own State has a worse political situation than the one which exists in Tennessee.

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"Stir" Slaves

Behind the Walls

By NELS ANDERSON

In prison, innovations are not welcome. Contract labor makes less trouble for prison officials than an effort to devise intelligent tasks; a uniform system of discipline is easier to maintain than a system of discrimination. The old offender accepts, having learned that the going is smoother in the rut. The real sufferer is the new prisoner who has possibilities of reformation.

BEHIND prison walls in this country is marshaled an army of one hundred thousand which gives hardly a thought either to the theories and strivings of penologists and humanitarians intent upon prison reform or to the intrigues and chicaneries of prison-labor contractors and State officials. Whether ridden by the hag of "hard labor" in the form of the contract shop or the State-use shop, or condemned to the even more vicious monotony of the "idle house," every repressed individual of this sodden array is intent upon one thing only—to avoid trouble.

In that prisoners, keepers, wardens, State prison officials—the whole vast penal machine of the country—are united. To avoid the trouble of devising intelligent tasks for the employment of convicts, the State calls in the prison-labor contractor to manage its prison shops and make a profit, while the State foots the bills. To avoid trouble with labor unions, some States have abandoned the contract system of convict employment for the State-use system. To avoid the trouble of formulating a just and discriminating system of discipline, wardens and guards have adopted a harsh and oppressive form of government. To avoid trouble with the keeper in charge, the convict strives constantly to become as much of an automaton as possible.

Some old offenders have become adept at it. A warden of the old school more often than not welcomes the return of an ex-convict, for the ex-convict is a man who knows the rules of the game and realizes the futility of protests. He makes a good prisoner, as a general rule. Some of them return again and again, and, in spite of the recent vindictive turn given to criminal legislation by the public's desire to avoid trouble, these experts in penology return to prison even to the third and fourth time as first offenders. The reason is that they knew the rules of the game. They don't commit spectacular offenses, and when they are caught with the goods they plead guilty. For a plea of guilty, "which saves the county the expense of a trial," the prosecutor often extends the courtesy of permitting the offender to plead as a first offender.

There is Martins, an almost incredibly perfect example of the effects of the trouble-avoiding penal system of the forty-eight States of the Union. Martins has done seven "stretches" in the prisons of Michigan, Ohio, New York, Colorado, and New Mexico. By profession he is a "paper-hanger"—that is, he obtains a valid bit of commercial paper known as a check, raises the amount of its face value by his own skill and industry, and then "hangs" the check on any credulous shopkeeper who will cash it.

Martins is getting too old for the business now, however. He contracted tuberculosis in prison in Auburn, New York, and his hand is too tremulous to make a good job of check-raising. When he tries it now, the motive of getting back among his old friends in the stir is almost as strong probably as the hope of getting the paper cashed.

For, by long practice, Martins has become a model prisoner. He knows every move of the game and every rule of the prisons of five States. He is an adaptable man. It has become second nature to him to ingratiate himself with prison keepers. At the expense of such moral fiber as he may once have had, Martins is able now to lead a fairly comfortable and care-free existence in prison.

Seven times Martins has been sent to States' prisons, and each time it was as a first offender, so skillful is he at playing the game. In prison he is a model of deportment; no guard ever reports Martins for misconduct; on the contrary, any soft jobs that are to be distributed in prison are more than likely to fall to Martins. Long practice has made him a model prisoner, but he has become utterly unfitted for life outside prison walls. He cannot cope with the problems of free society. He is bewildered by a world in which an individual's conduct is not guided by strict regulations at every step. In a harsh and callously individualistic world, Martins finds sanctuary only in a prison.

It is the men who pattern themselves upon the Martins model who find it easiest to avoid trouble in prison. The man who takes honesty and courage and self-respect into prison with him and seeks to keep them encounters difficulties at every step. The higher the caliber of the man, the greater will be his sufferings in prison.

There are ranks and gradations in prison society, outgrowths of the system of prison management in vogue, but honesty, courage, and self-respect are at a discount. It is the experienced and hardened crook, who yet has the suavity to deceive the guards with a show of docility, who ranks high behind prison walls. The first time Martins was sent to prison it was for an insignificant bit of paper-hanging of which his landlady was the victim. That was no bid for social prominence in prison, Martins found. His fellow-prisoners scoffed at him as a small-time crook. They laughed at him for "breaking into prison with such a small package." It was very humiliating for a man as sensitive as Martins, and he was grateful indeed when a much-admired forger, who "fell for $10,000," took him under his wing and instructed him in the ethics of the profession.

Some sturdy souls cling fiercely to the best that is in them in spite of prison environment, but their number is comparatively small and their existence is not pleasant.

THERE was a newspaper reporter who was sent to the West Virginia Penitentiary for fifteen years for forgery. It is a crowded prison, where 1,300 prisoners dwell within the bounds of a three-acre inclosure. Almost all the space is occupied by buildings. There at least the prison-labor contractor, who keeps the men stored away in the prison shops during the day, contributes to a solution of the problem of congestion. His benevolent aspect was somewhat clouded,

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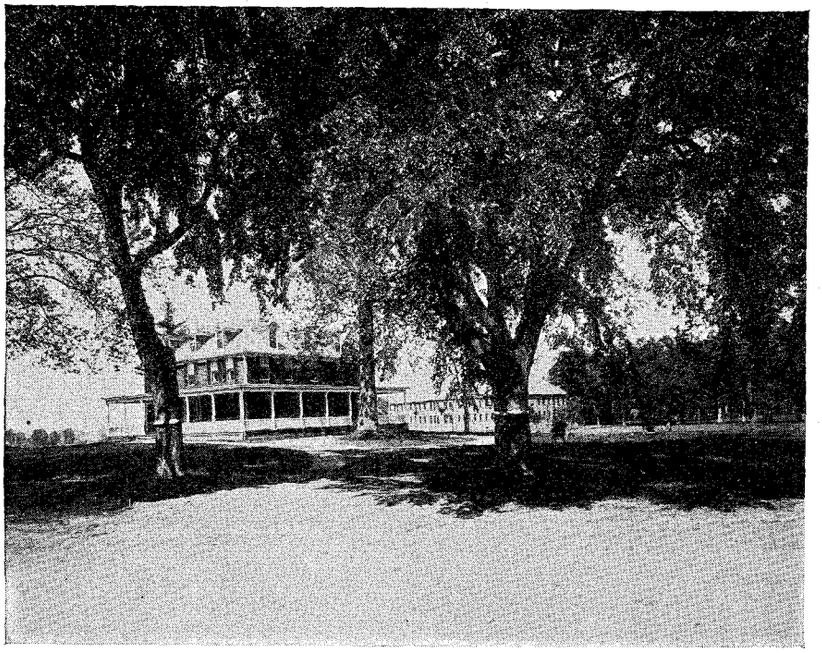

The warden's house, Connecticut State Prison

however, by a revolt which took place among the prisoners when he raised the daily output requirements per prisoner, making it difficult to attain even the daily task and virtually impossible to achieve a bonus.

To this crowded prison the newspaper reporter was sent, and for several months he operated a button machine in the shirt shop, sewing buttons on fifty-five dozen shirts a day and watching, always watching to learn the ways of this new world into which he had been thrown. Everywhere he saw stupidity and fear. Guards armed with clubs always were on the alert for anything which smacked of insubordination. Life fell into a pattern which was insipid and revolting. The slightest deviation from the rigid lines of conduct brought punishment. He saw men beaten and thrown into dungeons for days at a time. He saw guards beat two men to death.

He was too sympathetic, too reluctant to acquiesce in this brutal scheme of things. He cherished stubbornly what qualities he had which the world outside called good. When it was discovered that he could keep books, and he was transferred from his button machine to the office of the bookkeeper for the contractor—a soft job as prison jobs go—he refused to be content with his own good fortune and forget what he had seen. When he discovered in going over his accounts that one of the guards was padding the pay-roll, he reported the fact to the contractor. It was a flagrant infraction of the basic prison rule of avoiding trouble, and he paid the penalty. It was more than two years before he succeeded in getting a message out—"flying a kite," they call it in prison vernacular—to tell what the penalty was.

"For thirty-two months," his message ran, "I have been denied mail and visits. For eighteen months, without a hearing, I have been buried in a cell with no air, no exercise, and no religious service. If I want books from the library, I have to have them sneaked in and pay the sneaker. My eyes, ears, teeth, and stomach are in a lamentable condition. I have been refused permission to send for an attorney. . . . I was deprived of a bath and change of clothing for eighty-four days; have had my food thrust through the bars by the hands of a skin-and-blood-diseased man."

There was more of it, listing atrocity after atrocity, with names and dates, and ultimately it led to an investigation. Investigations are slow of achievement and ephemeral in their results. The system outlives them all. This time a few officials and guards were removed from office. No other penalty was inflicted on any one. A new warden was installed, who took the former newspaper reporter, a physical wreck, out of the "hole" and made him editor of the prison paper. The new warden, he says, is a decent man, but dependent upon politics for retention of his job. When a new Governor is elected, it may mean a new warden, a man of the old type, anxious only to avoid trouble, under whom prisoners will again be strung up backwards, have ammonia sprayed in their faces if they fall behind in their daily stint, become the prey of guards who swindle them out of their bonuses, or even out of postage stamps.

"Every time there is an election," he says, "we tremble here until we find out what the next warden will be like. This prison will be a slave pen so long as the contractor is here. As long as the contractor is in the prison his interests come first, the prisoners' last. He is the queen bee; we make the honey."

The "Mark Twain burglar," who was sentenced to a Connecticut prison for an attempt to rob the home of the late Samuel L. Clemens, wrote a book a few years ago, after his release. "In the Clutch of Circumstance," he called it. As originally written, the book told of a young boy going insane at a machine and of a guard clubbing him so that he died from the effects; it related the experience of the author, who was chained for days in the dungeon with his hands above his head. The first of these incidents was omitted and the other was modified in the final version of the book. The prison officials, upon publication of the first version, challenged the author's account of these incidents and threatened to bring suit in defense of the reputation of the State, and so secured the publication of a revised edition.

To inculcate habits of industry, the "Mark Twain burglar" was put to work in the prison shirt shop, run by a contractor's "instructor." Every day he sewed cuffs on fourteen dozen shirts, but he failed to acquire the habit of industry. He acquired only a numbness of the brain and a profound loathing for shirts. He emerged from prison, he says, "worth exactly nothing." Fortunately, some friends he won while serving time got hold of him after his discharge, and he is employed at present in a trade which he learned outside of prison.

"If any man go out of one of your penitentiaries," writes "Convict 1776" in his "Open Letter to Society," "and lives as a law-abiding citizen should live, it is because he was so honest and manly before he was placed there that even your penitentiary could not make him into a rogue."

A writer of ability, a man of keen insight, an adept in the manipulation of words in accordance with their delicate shades of meaning, was convicted of a crime and sent to Joliet Prison. No tragic masterpiece was born of that experience unless it is contained in his sin-

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gle statement relating to his three years imprisonment, "Every time I tried to write some poetry the guards would tear it up."

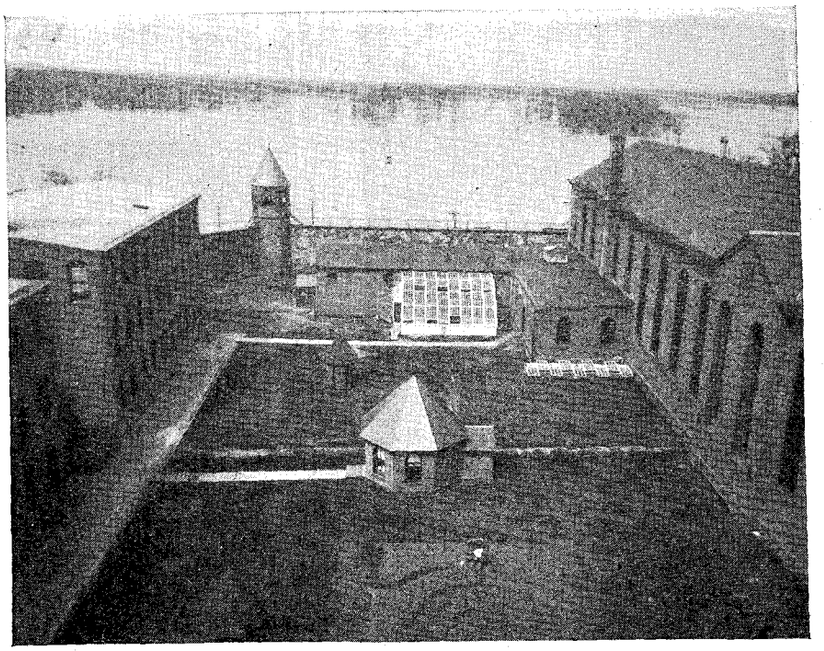
Outcast that he is, living in a world whose standards and mode of life are revoltingly at variance with the normal, the convict cherishes above all his pitiful wage, the one feature of his existence which reflects in some small degree the life of the outside world. Inured to privations, abuse, the sufferings of others, he will begin to grumble if his pay is cut. Prison pay and prison food probably have been the cause of most prison outbreaks.

Just as the practical warden welcomes the sight of a hard-boiled ex-convict, schooled in the ways of the prison, so the hardened criminal yields his tribute of respect to a practical warden. The convict does not look ahead. He lives from day to day, seeking always the easiest way of existence. The routine to which he is accustomed always is the easiest way. Innovations irritate him if they interrupt this routine. He takes cold comfort in the familiarity even of inconvenience. Both seasoned convict and practical warden are pleased with the smooth running in the rut.

Under such a system the entire prison attains a certain machine-like precision in every move of the day. A trance-like calm pervades the cell blocks. The sub-surface gossip with which such an institution always is rife, is more or less harmless in its tone. In such right as he has the convict comes to feel secure.

If changes are made, the machine will continue to run for some time on the momentum it has acquired, but there will be black looks passed with more and more frequency and words of significant bitterness shot from the side of the mouth. The additional pressure from above is beginning to tell. Beneath it the convict body becomes more compact, a group of desperate men who are becoming unified in their grievances with a unity whose quality is unknown outside prison walls.

A cut in their pay is the grievance to which convicts probably react most promptly. It was that which caused a revolt in the West Virginia penitentiary. Under the new schedules of pay, the men found the bonus virtually beyond their reach. It was with the utmost difficulty that the least skilled were able to keep up with the pace set for the ordinary day's production. They rebelled.



Within the walls

THE difficulty of organizing a revolt in prison is hardly to be imagined by the man who has not himself been a prisoner. Communication must be secret and almost invariably under the eye of an armed guard who is alert to discover an infraction of the rules. Punishment must be risked sometimes for the sake of a word. When the moment comes, the entire body of prisoners must act as a unit. It takes cold nerve and deep indignation to sit down at a machine, one of a row of fifty or a hundred men, with armed guards posted behind them, and refuse, without so much as a glance to see what one's neighbor is doing, to start work.

If it wasn't for the "grapevine telegraph" it never could be done. It is by this surreptitious line of communication, as difficult of discovery as the "underground railroad" by which slaves were smuggled out of the South seventy years ago, that bits of information are circulated through the prison. The trusties are likely in the course of their day's routine to pick up bits of gossip or news that are of general interest. From them the news flashes from man to man through the whole institution in a remarkably brief time. Sometimes it will be a personal message from the outside to an individual prisoner, without the slightest significance to those through whom it is relayed. They pass it on, however, in exactly the form in which it was received, and eventually it will reach its destination, even though that be the dungeon itself. The greater the severity of the prison rules, the more perfect becomes the operation of the "grapevine." It was by this means that O. Henry and Al Jennings communicated while in the same prison in Ohio, some of the men who aided in the transmission of the message not knowing either of the two principals.

A prison language, code, system of signals, and even a standard of morals or ethics are outgrowths of the close-knit society which makes the "grapevine" possible. There is a folk-lore of prisons, prison superstitions—in fact, within these institutions, as a result of the severe repressive measures adopted, has sprung up an entire cosmos, compounded of the elements of the unnatural environment as translated through individuals in the mass.

Thus the slackness of public conscience in which is rooted the present-day prison system nourishes an unnatural, degraded form of society within the prison, in which might be found some justification for the secret loathing of the normal individual for the convict and all his works. It is that very distaste of the public which underlies its indifference to the fate of the men it has put into prison, thus completing the vicious circle of cause and effect. The wall which divides the convict from the free man is not of the convict's building, except under the compulsion of society. In building this wall against which the convict storms, society, by its aloofness to the problem, not only shares the guilt of the convict but the blame for his undoing.

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Company Men

By STERLING PATTERSON

The corporation has done exceptional things for the country at large. It has helped to achieve shorter hours, higher wages, brought about improvements in working conditions undreamed of a few years ago. Its laboratories are making some of the foremost discoveries in science. What does it do to the individual? Mr. Patterson, himself a corporation employee, attempts to answer.

IN one of those downtown New York gustatory temples which the midday appetites of corporation executives have caused to flourish some fifty men were lunching. They represented a half-dozen large enterprises all made kin through the stock control of one great holding company. Presently, when broiled fresh mackerel, creamed potatoes, green peas, coffee, and pumpkin pie should have been consumed and fifty cigars should have begun to fill the room with an imported haze, one of the men would talk upon a phase of business about which he knew a great deal, and the others would give him contented and drowsy attention.

The men were seated in small groups. At one table five or six of them, typical of American industry—alert in appearance, youngish but prematurely gray, well dressed, a little too well fed—attempted to look as if they were enjoying themselves. There was a vice-president of a great manufacturing company, an advertising manager of a tremendous distributing company, a research engineer, a personnel man, the inevitable statistician. These men were leaders. They directed certain phases of great undertakings. They were university men, had been exposed to the cultural influences of university life. Their opinions were respected. Advice which they gave in their particular fields was readily followed. And yet there they sat smiling to cover a curious embarrassment not unlike that of small boys in a dancing class standing all together scuffing their patent-leather pumps on one side of the hall, while the little girls giggle and chatter on the other.

The personnel man spoke up. It was part of his profession to sense a strained situation and to do something about it.

"Have any of you seen the Quinn Collection?" he inquired. (This collection was receiving much newspaper notice at the time.)

Heavy silence.

Then the advertising manager, "What the hell is that?"

"A collection of 'modern' paintings bought by the late John Quinn, the lawyer. Some of them are pretty interesting."

"Don't try to tell me," said the advertising manager, cutting an eye around to see if his words met with approval, "that you really like that junk."

Relieved laughter. The personnel man subsided.

Silence again.

"Say, T. J.," the vice-president speaking to the research engineer and to the table at large, "I hear you've got a new way of running your furnace. Save a lot of coal?"

Relief on every face. Here was conversation, safe conversation. No chance here to express an opinion with which your superior might not agree. You had gone into furnaces with him before. You knew his "slant" on furnaces. Good, safe ground. That was what was needed to make a business luncheon move along pleasantly. What was the idea in bringing up this Cézanne and Picasso stuff, anyway? A business man is not supposed to know anything about art. Let a man eat his luncheon in peace—and talk about furnaces and golf and business.

NOW this is amusing enough in its way. It is easy to dismiss such an incident with a "Ho, hum! More Babbitry," except for the fact that these men are not and never were Babbitts. To begin with, Babbitt was a fool. These men are anything but fools. They are the managerial brains of the country. Babbitt was small town. These men are New York, Chicago, Baltimore. Except for a desire to please, to do the right thing, to be good fellows, along with a fear that they will not quite be able to accomplish it—a trait they share with that prince of clowns, Ed Wynn—Babbitt and the managers of American industry have little in common. Furthermore, in this particular instance, the vice-president was a man of broad cultural instincts. He was keen about painting. In point of fact, he had twice visited the Quinn Collection. The research engineer had attended the showing, too, and had found himself rather bored. The advertising manager, as a purchaser of drawings, should have gone but had not. The statistician, a former newspaper man, who could not get over the habit of reading at least three papers in the morning and even more in the afternoon, had seen the exhibition.

If these men had been dining together in the home of one of them, they would without question gladly have talked about these paintings. Can the mere fact that they wore sack suits instead of dinner coats, that it was lunch time instead of after six o'clock, have prevented chatting of an exhibition about which many a column had appeared in the daily press? The thing furnished as legitimate table talk as the stock market, the newest musical show, the latest murder. It was not the sort of thing for which a man has a secret passion, a thing which he brings into the light of day in the presence of his intimates only. It was material for pleasant, not altogether moronic conversation. Now why, in the name of all that is intelligent, were they loth to discuss a subject which in truth was interesting to every one of them? What is it that makes a corporation man hide the light of his individuality beneath the bushel of fatuity? What is it that corporations do to people?

It may be that an attempt to answer this question is important. Certainly, one of America's great contributions to the present economic state of things has been the huge corporation with its quantity production, its lowered costs, its thousands upon thousands of employees. The number of persons employed now by business corporations, according to the most recent estimates, has reached the astounding total of 19,000,000—some forty-three per cent of the total number of people gainfully employed in the United States. The growth of the corporation, along with other economic developments, has brought to the workman increased wages, shorter hours, more continuous employment, better working conditions, material comforts undreamed of a few decades ago. Big business is now bidding against the pro-

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fessions (and with increasing success) for the human material which it must convert into its brain workers, its managers. With its growing problems in labor, engineering, manufacture, distribution, and finance increasing difficulty lies in discovering executive material. The needs of industry grow faster than incipient managers can be turned out, faster than promising young men in industry can be trained and promoted, and we see dawn into the corporate cosmos professors, army and naval officers, newspaper men, lawyers, editors, ex-Cabinet members, judges, publishers, as well as thousands of young college graduates.

And yet, allow these professional men, these college graduates, these men who have come up to managerial rank "through the hawse pipe," to remain executives for ten years, and what have you? Types. Company men—as alike as Brooks Brothers' suits, as individual as peas. If one man still has originality left in him, he stands out like a teetotaler at a college reunion.

THERE is no implication here that the company man does not do his work well. By and large, he is extremely competent in the carrying out of his duties. However, so functionalized has big business become, so bolstered and protected with staff experts are executives, that the duties of the individual are far from arduous. Not that a great deal of committee forming and conferring and consulting and approving and smoking of cigars is not necessary to the making of the simplest decision. It seems to be. Indeed, the executive comes to believe, or at least to act as if he were, the busiest and most harassed man in the world. As a matter of fact, he puts in about four hours a day in actual work. The rest is shadow boxing. Now and then a remarkable man will recognize this and act accordingly. The president of a large corporation, a man still in his forties, has all during his business career been noted for coming in late in the morning and leaving early in the afternoon. Of him it is said that "he can do more work than any two men in a given time." Possibly, that is a way not only of admitting his brilliance but of pointing out his ability to concentrate on essentials during his brief working day. And what a reputation for originality he has, forsooth, because he does not conform to the customary nine-to-five schedule!

Distinctly, he is an exception. Your company man ordinarily is afraid to come in too late in the morning; afraid to leave too early in the afternoon. If there is not much to do and he is frightfully bored, he cannot tell his secretary that he is leaving early just because he wants to. No, indeed. He either must have a "conference" uptown from which he can withdraw to catch an earlier train home than usual; or he has to play golf with So-and-So purely in the interest of business; or his wife has not been well and needs him at home; or something he had for luncheon has disagreed with him and he thinks he would better go home early. Always, he must have an excuse, must move in safety. Your company man (unless he be in a publicity department, which, as all corporation men are aware, is composed of temperamental radicals, Bolsheviks, and plain nuts) does not wear a soft collar; he never lets his hair grow long even though it might be more becoming to him that way; he feels terribly self-conscious if he carries a stick; and he would no more dare raise a beard than he would nominate William Randolph Hearst for President of the United States. Your company man, when some plan is presented to him, is not likely to praise it. Instead, he asks, "Have you had Mr. Dolittle's view on that?" Or, "Suppose you check up on that with Mr. Tomtit and Mr. McHorn and Mr. Gulch, and bring it back to me when you have found out what their slant is." And if Mr. Tomtit or Mr. McHorn condemn the proposal, he joins in and makes it unanimous, especially if either of those gentlemen happen to outrank him. Your company man easily falls into the habit of criticising every proposal or suggestion made to him. To be sure, it is difficult to avoid when so much of his work essentially is picking flaws, weighing the merits of cases.

There was an officer of a company who was accustomed to having the speeches which it was necessary for him to deliver from time to time before trade organizations written for him by one of the bright young men on his staff. On this particular occasion a draft of the proposed address was delivered, and received the expected comment: "I don't like that here and here and here. Better do it over." Back went the bright young man. In a few days he laid a revised version upon his chief's desk. "Pretty good this time," was the verdict, "but you'd better change this part and this part. I always find that a speech has to be written three times before it is any good." Now it happened that the bright young man was busy with other things. He took a chance. He allowed a few days to pass, then brought with him a clean copy of his original draft and presented himself before the vice-president. This time the officer read the paper slowly and thoughtfully.

"My boy," he beamed when he had finished, "this is fine. Exactly right. Now why couldn't you have done that the first time you wrote it?"

Impossible? Not a bit of it. Absolutely true, although cases of this kind are obviously unusual.

NOW why is your company man hypercritical? Why is he afraid to wear a soft collar? Why is he afraid to be away from his desk without an alibi? Why is he loth to indorse a proposal without waiting for the approval of a half-dozen other men? Why is he afraid to be himself? Just this: He has a boss. If he does not please that boss, he may lose his job. If he does please him, he increases his chances of progress with his organization.

The privately owned corporation today is disappearing. Control has passed to the public, and professional, hired management is in the saddle. Company men, therefore, are employees. All of them—workers, straw bosses, foremen, department heads, officers—are employees, not owners. And, despite a realization that a "boss"—largely dependent for his success upon those who report to him—is limited in his ability to discharge men, the employee always is stalked, no matter how dim the outline may be, by the specter of dismissal. He must please the man or men he is working for to get ahead. The worker reports to the gang boss; the gang boss reports to the sub-foreman; the sub-foreman reports to the foreman; the foreman reports to the department head; the department head reports to the vice-president; the vice-president reports to the president; the president reports to the board of directors, and through them to the stockholders, the public. And if the worker, the department head, and the officer of a company are also a part of that stock-owning public, there is all the more reason why each company man should be willing to submerge his personality in his company, to conform, in the hope that by so doing he may increase the assets of the business.

The quite human tendency toward imitation, furthermore, makes for a lack of independence in the company man. A department head, let us say, gains his exalted position through his enthusiasm, his friendliness, his good fellowship, along—let us trust—with a modicum of ability in his work. His methods have brought him success. He comes to be-

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lieve, therefore, that his methods are the best methods. He encourages his men —more often than not unconsciously— to accept him as a pattern. His men, on the other hand, want to go forward in the organization. To do this they know they must please their superior, not only in the quality of their work but in lesser ways. If the "boss" objects to a certain kind of collar, what more natural than to dispense with it? If the "boss" thinks that excessively vigorous hand-shaking is the way to register cordiality, what more natural than to greet callers as if one were cranking an old-fashioned flivver? If the "boss" believes that a slap on the back gets more orders than an instinctive regard for a customer's dignity, what more natural than to become addicted to shoulder pounding?

Most men enter a large organization when they are young, ambitious, anxious to learn how to get on. It is to be expected that they will learn, as they learned as children, largely by imitation. It is a rare executive, as it is a rare parent, who attempts to foster and encourage individuality. A thoughtful business man was once asked why men who held positions of real responsibility were inclined to look with something akin to awe at those who ranked them. He was reminded that all men are very much alike; that, no matter how important a man might seem when glowering behind his mahogany desk, he had to wash his face and brush his teeth like any lesser mortal. This was his reply: "We started, most of us, as clerks and office boys. Our bosses seemed gigantic, successful figures—miles above us. We progressed in the organization. So did they. Always they were ahead of us. The relative distance between us has remained constant. When we both get into the executive group, we pretend a certain intimacy. They call us by our first names, as they did when we were office boys. We call them by their initials. That is a compromise between the basis of friendship on which executives are supposed to operate and our instinctive feeling—left over from office-boy days—that we ought to call them Mister Blank."

IMITATION, therefore, seems to be not only the sincerest form of flattery, but a stepping-stone to success of a certain standardized sort. The man who wishes that brand of success must conform. He must play the game; and he must play it according to established rules, not by those he makes up as he goes along. Indeed, the business genius might be defined as a man who knows when to break the rules. For the average able citizen, every infraction of the written or understood regulations counts against him, no matter how well he may carry on his work. If he arrives at his office late, if he is not at his desk when his chief wants to see him, if he does not seem to be laboring at a terrific pace whether he is busy or not, his progress is endangered.

It is possible that the overshadowing of the individual by the glorification of the institution is essential to the successful conduct of great affairs. But does it not seem that such a program would tend to rob management of the very traits—daring, initiative, courage—which it most needs? If these qualities did not persist in the individual in spite of the corporate atmosphere's tendency to remove them, it is questionable whether big business as we know it today could survive. Nevertheless they do persist; but they persist because the individual—while camouflaging his true self with a surface conformity—will, if he be strong, fight for his individuality with all the vigor that a small boy displays in recovering a snatched cap. The successful man, the man who comes closest to the realization of his capabilities, is always, despite the massed mediocrity surrounding him, despite the waves of standardization seeking to engulf him, an individual.

Among the words which bob most frequently to the corporate surface, since "service" has been worn so threadbare, are specialization and standardization. Doubtless, they represent practices which have proved enormously efficient in a material way; but they have at the same time helped considerably to make the company man what he is today.

Consider, let us say, the purchasing department of a great company. A young man enters it after having displayed to the satisfaction of the employment department an aptitude for it. He starts as a clerk. He develops into an assistant buyer, then a buyer, then a division head, still later a department head, finally assistant to the executive in charge. Ultimately, if he lives long enough, he may be the head of the whole department. He has given his life to the business of "scientific purchasing." It is no wonder that he knows almost all there is to know about it, and that his company benefits accordingly. But what of himself, the man within? What books has he read, what magazines beyond his trade papers? What plays has he seen, what music has he heard? How many people outside his own business does he know? How many bankers, doctors, artists, can he talk with understandingly? In all probability, very few. Unless he be the exceptional man who struggles consciously to keep up with the tide of human affairs, his personality has become a "scientific purchasing personality."

Actually, there have been discovered foremen who after twenty-five years with an organization have never even walked through the department next to theirs—have never left their own particular bailiwicks except to go home at the end of the day.

It must be pointed out that industry is conscious of the losses it may have suffered through allowing a man's horizon to become so narrowed. Many companies have evolved systems which transfer employees from one department to another. Broader business minds result, and the possibility of discovering men who can develop into general executives is increased. Hobbies, for reasons of health as well as for a possible broadening influence, are being encouraged. The employee magazine not only attempts to educate along industrial and economic lines today, but makes an effort to stimulate reading and thinking beyond the narrow confines of commercial activity.

STANDARDIZATION, on the other hand, when applied to human beings is not narrowing. It is suffocating. Material things—telephone systems, automobiles, sewing-machines, typewriters —thrive under standardization. An automatic screw machine spits out thousands of screws, each more perfect than a skilled workman could possibly hope to make by hand. But a system under which men write alike, talk alike, think alike, does not create an ideal condition for individual development. If the regulations of most companies were brought out in book form, they would rival that great substitute for the human brain, "Army Regulations." Letters must be written thus and so; margins must be so deep; such and such forms must be used; all correspondence originating in Department 1776-Y must go out over the signature of department function 1.2; Form 1-Ab must be used. "We'd better handle that matter according to standard practice." "How did we handle it last time?"

Efficient? Quite. But is it the best thing in the world for individual cerebral progress to have a man start his letters "In reference to your memo of the 6th;" or to refer to any suggestion, proposal, or notion as a "proposition;"

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Emily Dickinson

By ALLEN TATE

Emily Dickinson's poetry has been for many as great an enigma as her life. But her few devoted readers will welcome this analysis of the poet and her work, which is one of a series of papers on America's literary figures revalued in the light of contemporary criticism. Allen Tate is himself a poet and author; "Stonewall Jackson" is his most recent work.

MISS DICKINSON'S devoted readers are few, but those who are familiar with the history of her reputation will scarcely need to be reminded of the uncertainty of judgment that nearly all her critics have displayed. Not only have they been undecided about her in everything but their admiration; they have not looked for her problem; for they have not made up their minds why they are perplexed. To accuse them of incompetence would solve nothing, even if it were just to do so. Mr. Conrad Aiken, a sensitive and intelligent critic, has led her defense with an able communication to the public of the quality of her poetry; this, and even more of the same kind of criticism, is necessary while the audience for poetry remains hard to move, as it is likely ever to be. If Miss Dickinson has not been understood, it is because we lack a critical tradition, a body of assumptions, passed on from generation to generation, which alters as the spirit of literature alters yet, in its comprehension of the past with the present, remains clear and fundamentally the same. Our criticism of poetry seldom gets beyond impressionism; it starves in the famine of general ideas. If Emily Dickinson had been an English poet, she would, of course, have been better understood. This is not true; she might have fared worse. Not even the French, the masters of criticism, could have done better by her than we. By this I mean that her case is special.

She is, perhaps, even more than Hawthorne the special case of nineteenth-century Puritanism. The intellectual climate into which she was born, in 1830, had (as all times have) the features of a transition; but the period was a major crisis culminating in the Civil War, before and after which, in New England as well as in the South, the crises are definitely minor. The theocracy declined; industrialism rose; and the energy of the former went over, degraded, into the latter.

The idea which moved the theocratic state permeated all New England society. It gave a definite meaning to life, to the life of pious and impious, of learned and vulgar alike; it gave—and this is the thing to remember—a tragic meaning, an heroic proportion, to the experience of the individual. Socially we may not like the New England idea; yet the critic of literature must not lose sight of its value to literature; it dramatized the human soul.

BUT after 1830 the great fortunes were made, and New England became a museum where the knickknacks, the fine laces and china, the pieces of Oriental jade, the chips off the leaning tower at Pisa, the rare books and the cosmopolitan learning, were displayed as the evidence of a superior culture. Culture, as a matter of fact, was disappearing. Where the old order of feeling gathered up the scattered personal experience into a comprehensible whole, the new tended to flatten out the common experience, to exalt the personal, the unique. This does not mean that the mid-nineteenth-century New Englander was an individualist; he conformed. It means that where his grandfather had been concerned with the common idea of the redemption—that is to say, with the search for truth—he looked to his personal respectability. History yields on this point a paradox: when a great idea common to all men, a kind of supporting fate that all men participate in, breaks up, society moves toward an external uniformity which is, perhaps, the measure of the spiritual chaos within. Emerson appeared; looked at the scene, seeing only the uniformity, and supposed it to be due to the persistent tyranny of the theological idea. He set out to destroy it. He succeeded, and he accelerated the tendency in New England society that he disliked. It was a great intellectual mistake, for by it Emerson became unwittingly the prophet of industrialism and, historically speaking, hoisted himself on his own petard. He destroyed the Puritan drama of the soul.

A secular, didactic order supervened. "After Emerson had done his work," says Mr. Robert Penn Warren, "any tragic possibilities in that culture were dissipated." Hawthorne alone in his time kept the primitive vision pure, in the primitive terms, and in him the Puritan tragedy reaches the climax: man is measured by a great idea outside himself, and is found wanting. In Emerson, man is greater than any idea, and, being himself the Over-Soul, is potentially perfect; there is no struggle because (I state the position in its extreme terms) there is no possibility of error; there is no drama because there is no "tragic fault." After Emerson New England literature loses its life and intensity. Except in Emily Dickinson. There is Hawthorne looking back; there is Emerson looking ahead. Miss Dickinson, who has something of both, comes in somewhere between.

HER biography remains to be written. Yet even after the facts that are now withheld are known and arranged by a person more competent than Mrs. Bianchi, the outline itself will probably be no clearer, the solution to her personal enigma no easier. The outline, of course, will be fuller; but this may not really assist the understanding, however much it may feed the devotion that Miss Dickinson calls out of her admirers. There is no poet in American literature who is so closely bound up with his poetry, no one of whom it is so accurate to say that the poet *is* the poetry. Because this is true it is all the more difficult to explain (I mean correlate) the double fact of her life and work. The poetry is rich in a profound and various experience—whence did it come? The poems of Emily Dickinson have a certain absolute position above the personal life that she led. It is dangerous to accept the present-day belief that her life, her thwarted love, gave serious direction to her poetry; even more dangerous to suppose that it made her a poet.

The mystery of poetry is great, but the mystery of why some persons become poets is exactly equal to the mystery of why others become carpenters or bankers. The emphasis which the meager criticism of Miss Dickinson has placed upon the enigma of her personal life is a legitimate interest, but on the personal plane only, and not because she wrote poetry; it is legitimate in the sense that speculation upon the life of John Doe is legitimate. It will never give up the key to her verse; used for that end, the

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interest is false. It is reasonable, of course, to suppose that her love affair made her a recluse, but there is a great discrepancy, a great disjunction, between what her seclusion produced and what brought it about; it is quite as reasonable to suppose that another experience of another kind might have brought her to the same result.

The *meaning* of her seclusion is the problem we must keep in mind—the meaning of her decision (it must have been deliberate, or deliberately observed by her) to withdraw to her upstairs room and spend her best years imposing her own flashing constructions upon a dimly explored real world. The fact that she went upstairs is not very important. The fact that it must have been her only way of acting out her part in the history of her culture, which made a single demand in various ways upon all of its representatives—this is of the greatest consequence. Her seclusion was the fulfillment of her life. All pity for Miss Dickinson's "starved life" is misdirected. Her life was one of the deepest, one of the richest ever lived out on this continent. She is one of the few Americans who have realized themselves.

For when she went upstairs and closed the door she mastered life by rejecting it. Others had done it in their way before; still others did it later. The love affair was incidental, a kind of pretext; she would have found another. (It was probably not an incident that her lover was a married man.) Mastery of the world by rejecting the world is the doctrine of Edwards and Mather, the meaning of fate in Hawthorne; it is the exclusive theme in Henry James.

BETWEEN Hawthorne and James there is an epoch. The temptation to sin in Hawthorne is in James transformed into the temptation not to do "the decent thing." A whole world-scheme has shrunk to the dimensions of the personal conscience. For James found himself in the post-Emersonian world. He could not undo Emerson's work; he could only escape from its physical presence, could only take his people to Europe upon the vain quest of something that they had lost at home; his characters, fleeing the wreckage of the Puritan culture, preserved only their honor. It was a kind of stoicism. Its beginnings are in Emily Dickinson.

Between her and Hawthorne there is a difference of intellect. It might be said, indeed, that she lacks utterly the intellect in its capacity to conceive and analyze abstractions. Hawthorne was, in a narrow sense—his narrowness was his intensity—a master of ideas; he seems to be aware of the abstract, the doctrinal equivalent of the action of his tales; he was prepared to reason out the ethics of his conflicts. *Prepared* to reason it out. He seldom did. As a master of ideas, he was not mastered by them. He was an artist. Miss Dickinson was spared the risk that imperiled a man like Hawthorne, for she could not reason at all. She *sees*. The Puritan drama Miss Dickinson, as a lyric poet, takes clear off the intellectual stage; its reasoned proportions are gone; the feeling, the values, the approach to life, remain the same. The proportions of the Puritan myth are gone in Emerson too; but the difference between him and the poet of Amherst is that he possesses a new feeling which is in revolt against the feeling that she is still able to accept. The difference between her and Hawthorne is the difference between a lyric poet and a historian of conduct in the same degree of acceptance of their tradition.

Miss Dickinson's intellectual "deficiency" is, for her purpose, her greatest distinction. She is not the only great figure in New England. She is the only poet. Given her talent, her lack of "ideas" made her the supreme poet of her time, one of the great poets of the world.

PHILOSOPHERS must have ideas, and the trouble with most nineteenth-century poets is that they are nearer being philosophers than poets, and in the true sense far from being either. Their ideas were not clarified by the intense application to them of feeling. They are seldom realized in the intensity, in the unity of vision; the ideas are mixed with the poetry, but not fused. There have been poets—Dante, Lucretius, Racine, perhaps Milton—who were not spoiled for their true business by looking through the medium of a rational scheme of ideas. Milton's greatness consists less in his gigantic story, less in the reach of his theological figures, than in their moral equivalent deeply embedded in his character; this world-scheme is as profoundly implied, if not expressed, in "Lycidas" as in "Paradise Lost." (There have been long poems—Young's "Night Thoughts," Pollock's "The Course of Time"—poems of epic dimensions, which contain no major poetry.) Majority in poetry is not to be confused with the measurable grandeur, with the bigness, of the poet's world. It is a quality, not a quantity. Sometimes the epic dimension accompanies and visibly supports the major poem; sometimes not. In Miss Dickinson it does not.

Yet it is there. It is there, with differences, much as it is in Shakespeare. It is present in all great poets; for all great poets have culture even if they are not "cultured." In Emily Dickinson the world-order is subordinated, as it is in Shakespeare, to the poetic vision. It might be said that the greatness of a poet depends, first, upon the thoroughness of his absorption in a world-scheme like the Puritan theology, and, secondly, upon the degree to which he is unconscious that he is working in such material. It is precisely this situation that Shakespeare emerges from—the decay of the mediæval world as a rigid pattern of life, the pattern yet remaining, as feeling, in the sensibilities of men. (The Southern United States have just undergone such a change, and are probably yet to be heard from in literature. The past in New England was destroyed earlier, if less dramatically, and from within.) Miss Dickinson came upon the equilibrium of an old and a new order; Puritanism to her was no longer the rigid mold it had been, it had become the pulse of her life.

IF something of the same historical situation produced Shakespeare and Emily Dickinson, it does not follow that they are the same kind of poet, seeing with the same vision, taking equal rank in the hierarchy of literature. I mean that their general situation often makes possible a rare kind of poet—one who is specially pure of systematized ideas. People used to go to Shakespeare to see what he "thought" about morals, politics, religion; the truth is, his peculiar quality is largely due to his never having "thought" at all; his truth is not in what he says, not in the content of his expression, but in the intensity of his dramatic vision. Miss Dickinson is equally innocent of intellectualism. (Her poetry is hard to understand, but that is not intellectualism.) She wrote to T. W. Higginson that she had no education, and it was true. She never reasoned about the world around her; she looked at it; and the world within her rose up, its depths concentrated in the slightest of her perceptions.

This world within her gave her gift for poetry its full sweep. It is not true to say that the poet alone in a given time has such an inner world, such an ordered universe; the other people of the same culture have it too. The poet differs from them only in the gift for raising up his culture to a life in words, to a concentration of its values. He may even hate his age; he may attack it, as Dante did, or he may be an outcast, as

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was Villon; but his world in any case stands behind him as a definite background to his work. It is the lens through which he sees the world outside, the dark or the bright, the distorting or the clarifying medium which focuses, concentrates his personal vision. It is ready-made; and his vision has a spontaneity, a smoothness, a certainty of direction that, without it, he would lack. There are living Americans who have all of Miss Dickinson's gift for poetry; there is none so good a poet. Her mind is different from all others, but it may not be deeper; she was a deep mind writing out of a deep culture. She came to poetry, and "custom had made it in her a property of easiness."

Courtesy Houghton, Mifflin Co.

HER poetry is bold in utterance, and it is bold in technique. She has been so recently discovered that critics are still exercised over her violation of regular meters, of nineteenth-century diction, of set themes, of established grammar. Her rhythms are marvelously adjusted to her effects; again they fail. Her metaphors are uncannily apt; on the other hand, her search for the precise visual equivalent of some obscure sensation often leads her into forced comparisons. Yet the curious thing about her occasional failures is the infallible immunity to faults of taste. If a few metaphors are wrong, none is false. Poets as able as she and as firm in their moral integrity (error in taste is moral deficiency) will fall into spurious sensation, into the habit of padding; Browning did it, Tennyson did it too much. In other circumstances, Miss Dickinson might have done it; but she was not a professional poet; she felt no temptation to round off a poem for public exhibition; she felt no compulsion to say more than she had to say. The sense of competition with her contemporaries, or with the poets of other days, never came to her. Higginson's polite attempt to correct her verse was an invitation to throw her work into the public ring, and he did not, of course, see that it attacked one of the rarest integrities in all literature. Here was a woman—women are oftener than not, in this, superior to men—who could write without the usual supports to authorship: flattery, fame, the sense of social power. Yet Higginson's mistake was not an enormity; contemporaries are by definition blind; and he did better than most.

Her influence on American poetry has been gradual, insidious, and profound. The surface properties of her verse have had two effects. Her use of half, false, and echo rhymes is now in almost universal practice. And her irregular rhythms exceed perhaps in boldness, certainly in success, those of the people directly or indirectly in her influence; they may have given momentum to the free-verse poets of ten years ago.

The internal structure of her poetry—the quality of her vision—remains inviolable; it cannot be imitated. Its audacity may have set an example to the new generation of American women poets; it may not. They match her in audacity, but it is audacity of another sort. It includes, for one thing, the general intellectual bewilderment of our time. Miss Dickinson possessed more thoroughly her own mind in an age when women had none than any women poet does today.

HISTORICALLY, her attitude contains certain religious elements which are now broken and which, on the religious plane, take their place in the hall of antiquities; Puritanism, as a unified vision of the world, is dead. In the history of the Puritan attitude she comes between Hawthorne and Emerson; she has Hawthorne's matter and Emerson's loose form. She is not, as I have said, the poet of a doctrine, and her spirit cannot be isolated in a single poem. (Wherefore, I have omitted quotations.) She is like Hardy, like Whitman, in one respect—but in one only: she must be read entire. You can prove nothing about Miss Dickinson by citation of chapter and verse; like Shakespeare, she never gives up her meaning in the single line. She is therefore pre-eminently the subject of that criticism which is chiefly concerned with general ideas. Her poetry invites at least ten years of devoted and widespread critical discussion. It may yet receive it. The beginnings are scarcely made. She needs a tradition of criticism, and in its absence one must be contented to guess.

She has Hawthorne's moral toughness, a hard and definite vision of the current reality. The highest flights toward God, the most extravagant fancies of the bizarre and the remote, return to some point of casuistry, to a moral dilemma of the three-dimensional world. There is, in spite of the homiletic form of expression, no abstract speculation, no preaching, no message to the world. Up to this point the resemblance to Emerson is slight; her vision is pure. But in her the Puritan world is no longer self-contained, no longer impersonal; its physical proportions are clipped down; instead of the spectacle of tragedy there is the commentary upon it. It is all a magnificent personal confession, and the purity of its vision is personal; it is no longer intellectually identified with a great order outside it, beyond it. The world of Emily Dickinson, perfect for her moment, tottered; it was ripe for disintegration. Emerson was due to come.

This may be the problem; yet the poetry, its immediate quality, is no problem at all. It is there. It is this that creates all problems; prompts speculation; gives to all our discussion form.

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Olympic Aces and Deuces

By HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

THESE United States will bring home their athletes from the Olympic Games at Amsterdam point score victors in track and field (according to the unofficial tally), but it would take a professional flag-waver and a cart-tail shouter to work up much enthusiasm over this turgid fact. This particular victory means a little less than nothing in the light of the fact that it was not until the last day of the flat races that the wearers of the shield were able to get home in front on the track. We were saved from rout by Ray Barbuti in the 400 meters, a big and rugged runner, who knew from his experience on Syracuse football teams just what it meant to run against something other than air. Points meant nothing to Barbuti, nor did records. He was the lone runner from these shores who seemed to realize that he was called upon to beat men and not the watch, and that the idea of the Olympic Games was to produce champions and not mere point winners. It were well, had the modern Syracuse walls, that a breach be made in them for the entry of the returning victor. In the twilight of the hitherto unassailable (in their own opinion) young gods of the American track Barbuti flares out like a beacon.

But it was not of the Syracuse man of courage that I set out to speak. The spirit of the games had already been exemplified in other great runners before Barbuti came forward as the last warrior in a lost cause, the only American ace in a pack of deuces. If there was any one avatar of the Olympic spirit as the Baron Pierre de Coubertin, reviver of the ancient games, would have that spirit expressed, it was the gallant Lord Burghley, better and more affectionately known to all the world as simply "Davy." Courage, ability in his chosen event, and the sportsmanship of a Bayard—these were the hall-marks of the one man among all the four thousand athletes whose victory could be cheered by all the assembled nations without a dissenting voice. And when he had won the 400-meters hurdle—won it handsomely from the best rivals the world could produce, including Morgan Taylor, the record holder and defending champion, won it in the presence of his father and mother and his fiancée, won it in the presence of the pick of British sportsmen—he would have preferred, if I know the man, that the sky fall in upon him and obliterate him from the acclaim of the multitude.

Davy is known in every land where sportsmen congregate, leaving behind him the same modest trail of achievement, taking his victories with his defeats, so that from his demeanor one never knew whether he had won or lost. One of his simple acts of sportsmanship while a visitor in this country surges up in the memory in the light of the fact that our own Johnny Gibson was one of his defeated rivals in the Olympic hurdles. It was not so long ago that Johnny beat Davy in a race at the Pennsylvania Relays. It turned out after the race that Gibson had been ineligible through a ruling of the Amateur Athletic Union, and it was sought to give the medal to the descendant of many a belted earl.

Percy Williams

"But why?" quoth Davy; "I did not win it, you see."

"Well, but Gibson was ineligible," was the reply.

"Oh, indeed," retorted his Lordship. "He didn't seem so very ineligible out there on the track. Really, you know, I am not responsible for these strange rules. I only know that he beat me." And that ended it.

There is no doubt that Davy wanted very much to win this Olympic championship—oh, very much indeed. He had been preparing for it for years. He had engaged the services of our own Harry Hillman, the American coach who has turned out so many excellent timber-toppers, including Earl Thompson, of Dartmouth and Canada. He was an apt pupil, and he came along steadily, occasionally meeting defeat, but persisting everlastingly to the moment of his ultimate triumph. And so it is that it is Hillman's odd fortune that he has turned out two Olympic champions neither of whom represented the United States. But with Burghley the man, of course, the coach had nothing to do. The man was ready made—superb physique coupled with rare courage in competition and the gentlest of spirits of fair play. So I like to feel that, should the Olympic games turn out only a handful of champions of the type of David Brownlow Cecil, their revival would be worth while. And the Baron de Coubertin may be well content.

There was, however, another, in the early days of the meet, who came up to the Olympic standard quite as splendidly as the Peer of the Realm, another under the ægis of the British Empire, which with its rich lore of running, and taking its second breath after the ravages of the World War, has turned out its share of champions this time. This was Percy Williams, the nineteen-year-old schoolboy all the way from Vancouver, British Columbia. Here was, in effect, the other end of the social scale—a commoner, a youngster so little equipped with this world's goods that it was necessary to pass the hat to get him to Hamilton, Ontario, for the try-outs, and with him his own trainer, Bob Granger, who alone seemed to have faith in the boy. Yet this mere boy cleaned

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p both the hundred and the two hun-
red meters, and did it with consummate
ase. A modest curly-head as typical of
ie Olympic spirit in the hour of his
iumph as the more famous Davy.
hese two, in the last analysis, were the
al Olympic aces.

It is taking nothing from the splendid
eld-event men of the United States—
ependables like Kuck, Houser, Carr,
ing, and Hamm—to say that the main
dy of this year's American team was a
d contribution to the history of the
mes. Trainers' pets, accustomed to
nning on fast tracks against one an-
her and the watch, said watch showing

Lord "Davy" Burghley

elievable times on many occasions,
y were querulous over the conditions
y found in Amsterdam—pettish in-
petents, astounded, and practically
en into a panic by the sudden reali-
on that there were other good and
rageous competitors under other
s, who boasted quite as much tech-
ie and considerable more generalship
heart for the task at hand than they
ld command.

here isn't the shadow of an excuse
the mishandling of this venture from
eral MacArthur, the head of the
mittee, down. Detail after detail of
id preparation could be brought up,
and doubtless will be brought up when the team comes home. This team that our own "Doug" MacArthur announced with a flourish was the greatest that America had ever turned out was arrogant and swell-headed from the beginning, and then childish when the crash came. It couldn't stand praise and it couldn't stand pampering, both of which it got in exorbitant measure. There were times when some of its members were even boorish. It may be that there are good reasons for unwillingness to dip the flag to "any man or any nation," but just why the military "eyes right" is the only salute permitted in passing the Tribune at the games is beyond me. It savors of the drill yard. So brave a man as General MacArthur might have been brave enough to break precedent in the interests of international courtesy. However, the fat is in the fire, and so is the fat-headedness. Our athletes have reached a stage where they live on praise, pictures, and primroses.

As long ago as 1920 a few men knew what was in the offing for the American runner. We no longer had any secrets that the Europeans did not know. But, once having "lost the dope," we made no effort to get it back. In the sprints we were still relying on our ability to "beat the gun," and in the middle distances and the distances we were still underestimating both the runners of Scandinavia and those of the British Empire. Well do I remember when Nurmi, the Finn, came here for a winter campaign. I sat in a little hotel room with one of the shrewdest of our coaches, a man in a subordinate position on the general coaching staff, and listened to the cogent reasons why Nurmi was the fastest man on earth at the time. "Why," said Johnny Magee, for it was the little ex-sack-and-potato racer with whom I was talking, "Nurmi can even beat any man around this room." And he proceeded to tell me why. Later we were unwilling to learn anything from Edvin Wide, the Swede. It is true that Wide failed in the present games, but our board-track running would wreck the chances of any man. It took Nurmi three years to get back his true style after his board-track experience.

Another thing—our athletes are downright lazy. Time was when Jack Moakley, of Cornell, made middle-distance runners out of a cross-country mileage that would make the modern athlete curl up and quit. If your modern athlete runs a point-to-point race, it is a sure thing that he will return in a flivver, if he does not come home in a limousine. Work? Perish the thought!

As crash after crash was reported from Amsterdam the alibis weakened steadily. It finally occurred to their makers that, after all, other athletes had to encounter the same conditions. The track was heavy and slow. Everybody knew it would be at the start. Yet great times, even new Olympic records, were made on it. It did not check Williams of Canada, Douglas Lowe of England, Nurmi and Larva of Finland, nor a host of others. The alibis grew even pathetic when a little lone entry all the way from Haiti, no doubt one of the descendants of Toussaint L'Ouverture, beat some of the American stars. There had been a

Paavo Nurmi

persistent propaganda in advance of the appearance of the Germans, and that was about all the information that the Americans seemed to have regarding the abilities of the foreign athletes. It developed that these foreign stars had such a background of hard work behind them that they could not only run fast heats but fast finals as well. It was then plaintively complained that our men ran themselves out in their heats. They had to to qualify.

But even this excuse does not hold for the running of Lloyd Hahn, who ran as stupid a final in the 800-meters as could

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Miniatures from the Life

Glamour

By IBBY HALL

DOWN in Virginia time moves with leisure and quietness. There is little excitement in the Old Dominion State. And to an ambitious young Negro nothing much seems to happen anywhere.

One young Negro of Virginia has felt for some time the stirrings of ambition. Like others of his race, he is enthralled by dreams. And of all his dreaming, the dream of New York has held most glamour for him. Miles away—farther than Washington, beyond Baltimore, way up north of Philadelphia—but who says he could never get there? All these cities were magic names for him, but he discarded them one after another. It was to be New York for him or nowhere.

Oh, boy! Money and excitement! Crowds filling the great wide streets—easy jobs lying in wait for white or black—nothing to do at all except take in the rolling money and spend it. Dance-halls—jazz joints—yellow girls with eyes sliding round at a boy—light feet and grand dressing. New York!

The black boy set his imagination towards the distant city. He thought New York and dreamed New York; until he knew with the certainty of a vision that one day he would arrive.

The golden days shimmered evanescently on the horizon, but this summer it dawned at last. He wasn't quite sure himself how he had managed it, or where the money had come from that finally brought his feet to New York pavements. Wherever it had come from it had flown back as quickly. There was nothing in his pockets now except his own nervous hands. But he had little need of money. He had reached the City. Here was all the money in the world lying around waiting for him. Head in the air, heart beating expectantly, he marched forward to meet it. Meanwhile his roving eye observed the glittering town.

The day passed, and night came on all too quickly. He had had nothing to eat, but hunger sharpened his excitement. He had no place where he could go that night to sleep—but, oh, boy! what difference did that make? Wasn't any night in this town! When the skies came on black, the streets just laughed at them—laughed with a million lights brighter than day. Shops blazed up and bowed and laid their show-cases in front of you. Restaurants shone wickedly, inviting you to come inside. All along Broadway theatre lights glittered and twinkled, but oh, boy! what need to go inside? Nothing inside those fairy-tale places could equal this road of light outside, with its colored lights and changing brilliance and tall buildings that told you messages in fire!

The footsore, tired boy raised his eyes fearfully to the tops of those buildings. So high they didn't need to care about the stars even. Why, there they were two or three of them, not big and close like the stars in Virginia, but little and pale and sick-looking. Far off. His gaze dropped dizzily to the pavement at his feet. And suddenly he knew that his was a terrible hunger.

Dawn sought him out and woke him early. He was huddled and stiff, but this was a new day. Boy! He hadn't had a thing to eat since the day before yesterday. This was his day to get hold of something. He pulled his belt tighter on the curious feeling behind his ribs. Big old rat eating him up inside. This was a mighty fine city, but where was he going to find breakfast?

Breakfast time crept on and passed, and still he walked the pavements with blistered feet. He was beginning to get worried. Where was he to find all this money? And how was he to begin unless he got a bite inside his belt? His head was feeling mighty queer—the city looked stranger than ever to him and not so bright—and how was he to ask for work when he was giddy in the head?

Breakfast time was over and lunch time had arrived. The boy from Virginia was still empty in his stomach and very doubtful in his mind. Wasn't this the city he had dreamed of? Sure this was it. See those windows full of food and fine clothes? See all the high-class motor cars full of quality crowding the streets? See all the people hurrying along? Everybody going somewhere special. Everybody looking excited over his own secret.

He didn't have a secret—not yet he didn't. He didn't have a place to go or a crumb to eat. My God, if he cou get a crumb to eat! But where was the money?

In the motor cars. In the gentlemen wallets. In the ladies' pocketbooks. H began to watch the ladies' pocketbook

The afternoon came on, and the you Negro found himself approaching t world's busiest corner. People a traffic surged around his dizzy ears. I now he was lost indeed. Where was h In a strange city. All he could see f sure was the ladies' pocketbooks. H eyes roved emptily from one carele handbag to another.

By the middle of the afternoon it w with the ease and inevitability of a slee walker that he thrust out a dark a nervous hand, closed his fingers convu sively on the coveted treasure, and lea wildly for a place to hide.

Thousands of people, if they wou only stand still, and let him hide behi them. Thousands of motor cars all g ting in his way when he had such d perate need to run. Like a lithe a dexterous eel, he slipped through t traffic of that crowded juncture. I found himself suddenly faced with gre grass, in front of a marble pala guarded by great lions.

They were after him. The lady the pocketbook, screaming and pointi was at his heels. He dashed madly the great marble stairway of the pala only to turn desperately at the top a leap down again. All about him a sl thundering of sound was rising like roaring sea. Hoarse voices from unt mechanical throats shrieked and honk and bellowed in pursuit. A stranger, u noticed for two days—but they were after him now! Into his feveri hunted brain there swam unexpecte the sleeping roadsides of Virginia. U knowingly he turned south. But at t moment one foot of the cities' milli was held in front of him. The bl boy tripped and fell.

He was escorted to the police stat by a special officer and the white la who had accused him. At the stati house his glamourous city received h She listened indifferently to his b story, and as indifferently gave H prison fare and a hard bed. Here, last, was food and shelter. But his fr dom lay behind him in Virginia.

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Paris Opéra via Harvard Glee Club

By EUGENE BONNER

Paris.

ANY one interested in such things and possessing a roving eye to boot (extremes seem to be meeting) would have noticed that the *affiche* n front of the Paris Opéra carried the nnouncement that on the evening of uly 7, 1928, the one thousand eight undred and twenty-sixth performance ould take place at that house of an pera yclept "Faust," a piece in five acts y Messieurs Barbier & Carré, with muic by a certain M. Charles Gounod.

Now to one who has passed a goodly ortion of his days in this city there was othing particularly exciting or even inresting about all that, as, speaking ersonally, it seems to us that we must ave sat through that tough old opera ılly that many times, and, what's more, e feel in our bones that some malign ld fairy will cock her cone-shaped hat n one side, adjust her great horn specıcles, and, leering through them, will rite it down in her filthy old book that e shall continue to hear that barnacle-)vered concoction fully as many times gain.

It was probably under the benign inıence of this exasperating old party ıat we let our aforesaid eye roam on a tle farther (or further—which is it?), ıd the announcement that the rôle of arguerite was to be sung by Mme. M. espoulous did not make our heart miss single beat.

But in the midst of all these exotic ımes there was one that did catch our e, the name written opposite that of e title rôle, namely, Mr. William Mar-ı. Now, having heard Martin at the)éra-Comique in the rôles of Werther d Rudolph in "La Bohême" the year his début, we were naturally much inrested to hear what he would do with a rt such as Faust. Making no further ort to escape our destiny, we went inle and, after waiting a good twenty-e minutes in line, at last succeeded in)curing one of the three or four reıining *fauteuils d'orchestre,* as, believe or not, after one thousand eight hun-ed and twenty-five performances the ıse was practically sold out. The era seems to be making a success.

Now, as most Americans know (if you ln't, you do now), the Harvard Glee ıb decided back in 1921 to show some the European capitals that its mem-

William Martin as the Duke in "Rigoletto"

bers had been making most decided advances to that Blest Pair of Sirens, as old John Milton dubbed the muses of Poetry and Song. They came (the glee club members, not the sirens), they sang, and, while we were not here at the time to give our benediction, it would seem that they also conquered.

Among the many songsters that composed that organization was a young man who, starting in the club a couple of years before as a substitute, had risen to be one of the principal stars of that singing band. The success of young Martin here at that time encouraged him in the belief that he had a career before him as a professional singer.

Like many another who has come to Europe for a few weeks, he decided to remain indefinitely. Hunting himself a teacher, Amédée Sujol, he worked with him a couple of years, and succeeded in having an audition at the Opéra-Comique before the director, Albert Carré, and the head conductor, Albert Wolff. The audition was successful and the patient didn't die, but was engaged for two years to sing leading rôles at that establishment.

He made his début soon after in the title rôle of Massenet's "Werther" and scored a most decided success, his youth, agreeable personality, and an unusually fresh voice making a most favorable impression.

On the expiration of his two-year contract he wisely decided to sing for a period in the provinces, where he could enlarge his repertoire, as, notwithstanding his success at the Comique, many rôles he would have liked to sing were, naturally, more or less the property of the older singers at that institution.

He spent the season of 1925–6 at the opera in Marseilles, and while there added many important rôles to his repertoire, including, among others, the title rôle of "Faust," the leading tenor rôles of "Lakme," "Le Roi d'Ys," "Rigoletto," and one of his greatest successes—the title rôle of "Le Jongleur de Notre-Dame."

The following season he sang mostly on tour in all the principal cities of France. Returning to Paris, he made his début at the Opéra in the rôle of Faust. In the past year he has sung at that house, in addition to that rôle, the part of the Duke in "Rigoletto," the Astrologer in "Coq d'Or," and Loÿs in "Le Miracle," a new opera by Georges Hue. In addition to his work at the Opéra, he made "guest appearances" at the Opéra-Comique and in the provinces.

Beginning this autumn, he will return to the Opéra-Comique as a regular member once more, which is fortunate, as his forte is much more the lighter type of operas, such as are given there, than the more ponderous works customarily done at the larger house.

Mr. Martin is a little under average height, carries himself well, and has a fine stage presence. The voice itself, while not exactly what you would call a big one, is clear, sympathetic, and when singing such rôles as Werther or Cavaradossi at the Opéra-Comique is of unusual brilliance.

To have come, fresh from college, with no influence other than the distinction of having sung here with the Harvard Glee Club, with very little money, and to have managed practically unaided to create for himself while still in his twenties a position of no small importance in the operatic world of Europe—his, surely, is no small achievement.

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"White Shadows in the South Seas"

SEVERAL years ago a young artist (we don't mean a painter or a violinist or an actor; we mean an artist) named Robert Flaherty went to the Arctic Circle with some pemmican and a movie camera.

He took something else along, too: the something in a man's heart and brain which makes him an artist.

These accessories made possible Flaherty's return with a picture called "Nanook of the North," one of the two or three greatest pictures ever produced.

Following the Arctic venture Mr. Flaherty packed up his equipment for a second time and took ship for Polynesia. With the exception that he substituted calico and glass beads for pemmican, the equipment was the same, and the result was "Moana of the South Seas."

Pages could be used to describe these two films, "Nanook" and "Moana." Endless adjectives could be invoked to help analyze the reasons for their greatness—but what's the use? They were great because they were real. They were artistic because an artist made them. And this brings us up to "White Shadows in the South Seas."

When you see this picture—as you must, without fail—observe the "credits" at the beginning. We forget just how they read, but this is the way they *should* read:

Worth-while Portions—Robert J. Flaherty (anonymous):
Sound Effects—Popular Demand.
Lily Painting—The Spirit of Hollywood.
Hot Baked Ham—The Entire White Cast.

Mr. Flaherty photographed and directed most of "White Shadows in the South Seas," and that's why you must see it. His native studies so far outweigh the picture's defects as to make these defects mere incidents at which you blush hotly and wish you were dead.

But this is only because, for the most part, "White Shadows on the South Seas" is a fine, a really important picture, which thereby attracts all the more attention to its own imperfections. A very few, but very drastic cuts would

make it nearly perfect, one being the removal *in toto* of the sound effects, and another the pruning down of the plot sequences to a skeleton basis. Judging from the uncontrollable mirth which agitated the first-night audience in some of the wrong places, these cuts have perhaps been made before this. The indescribably comic noises of the native bathing beauties, as recorded in sound, and the tentative "Hello!" of the hero were epochal events in the realm of fun-making; but the laughs they got were at—not with.

Please, Mr. Flaherty, try again; don't let them discourage you. The great army of American movie fans is with you—we'll swear it.

"Loves of an Actress"

POLA NEGRI must emote. People expect her to emote, and if she doesn't her admirers are presumably of the opinion that they have been gypped. She emotes in "Loves of an Actress" to an extent which ought to satisfy her most devoted followers.

We thought "Loves of an Actress" was directed just about as badly as most Pola Negri pictures are directed, but, on the other hand, we found in it some of the cleverest photography we have seen. The scene is nineteenth-century France, and the "actress" is Rachel. The camera has succeeded in producing, over and over again, the effect of moving daguerreotypes, which is a smart idea and conveys an impression of the times even better than do the excellent settings and costumes.

"Loves of an Actress" is one more picture which ought to have been a comedy. It is the bad habit of many moving-picture critics to keep dragging in Lubitsch; but, honestly, one sees picture after picture ruined by total misconception of what the public wants; and it's difficult to stay away from the assertion that Lubitsch seems to be one of the very few who know when to bear down and when to ease up on sentimentality and emotion.

Pola Negri was a different woman when she worked for him. Lubitsch made her fiery, naughty, imperious, and arch by turns, and now she is invariably a noble creature of sacrifice and suffering—calling Heaven to witness her woe.

To our mind, there are few types in all creation more conclusively boring.

"Lost in the Arctic"

A TRAVEL film, and a very good one is this record of the voyage of H. A and Sidney Snow to Herald Island, i the polar ocean.

They didn't get lost themselves, bu the object of their trip was to find trace if possible, of the lost members of Stefansson expedition twelve years ag The fate of these men was unknown, an science and natural curiosity demande an investigation of the manner of the disappearance.

The Snows, after a hazardous voyag through the polar ice, found the islan on which these men were supposed t have landed, and they found all that r mained of the men themselves—the scattered bones. It is an interesting an genuinely moving episode, and one whic gave us, personally, a better idea of wh explorers go through than anything v have seen or heard or read on the sul ject.

The capture is shown of a huge pol bear, which, while the whole thing pretty brutal, at least ends with the be safely in a cage on shipboard and head for the Oakland (California) zoo.

If this pictures comes your way, y will make no mistake to see it. T finding of the lost party, the close-u of their possessions, and the theories their deaths are all well worth yo while.

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The Wood-Cutter and the Fairy

A Tale for Children

By HARRIET EAGER DAVIS

Illustrated by Arnold Hall

IN the days before the Chinese wall was down, before the Revolution was more than dreamed of, five round-faced, black-haired little girls grew up in Canton. Daughters of a Chinese doctor, they had never suffered the tortures of foot-binding; indeed, they were often sent for a country walk across the river to visit Ah Saam, their old nurse. To the accompaniment of tea and rice in her tiny courtyard and *wong pai* berries from her single tree, she told them stories; afterwards, tripping home under their paper umbrellas, the sisters retold them in their high, sing-song Chinese voices.

One of these girls grew up to teach in a mission school, where, many years later, she translated the old tales for young American friends. This favorite traveled ten thousand miles across the Pacific, where an aunt now tells it to her two small New England girls.

The Wood-Cutter and the Fairy

As told by "Miss Lin" to Miss Naomi Grider, an Outlook reader

THERE was once a poor wood-cutter who had to work very hard for his living. Always as he cut twigs and gathered them into bundles he complained and murmured against fate.

"Lord of Heaven," he would cry, "open your eyes to the distress of a poor wood-cutter!" While his wife, too, laboring at home in their bare hut, grumbled bitterly against her lot.

One festival day, when all their friends had gone merrymaking, and they alone must stay at home and work, the wood-cutter's cries reached even to the gate of heaven, and the fairy "Lui Tor Pan took pity on him.

"I will give this poor man a happy

surprise," he thought. So, assuming the disguise of a beggar, he left heaven and appeared at the wood-cutter's door. The man was not at home, but his wife was working within.

"Madam," pleaded Lui Ton Pan, humbly, "I pray you give a poor beggar a cup of tea." He meant to turn the cup of tea into a lump of gold.

"Get away, old fool!" cried the woman, crossly. "I have no tea to spare."

"I am very thirsty," said the fairy. "Pray give me a cup of water." He meant to turn the cup of water into silver coins.

"Be off, wretch! There is water in the spring."

"Lend me a cup that I may dip some water from the spring," begged the fairy. He meant to turn the empty cup into copper coins.

"Away with you, beggar, or I'll set the dog on you!" shouted the wood-cutter's wife.

"Heartless woman," spoke Lui Ton Pan, sternly, "you will be sorry for your conduct," and instantly he changed the dog at his feet into a lotus-flower.

When the woman saw this, she knew the beggar was a fairy, and, falling on her knees, she promised to do anything he wished. But when she looked up he had gone, and though she hurried forth and called and searched everywhere, it was all in vain.

When the wood-cutter came home that evening, he stared wonderingly at the lotus-flower growing in the hard earth beside their door.

"Wife," he said, "who planted the lotus-flower in the spot where my dog used to lie?"

Then, with moans and lamentations, she told him of the blessing she had missed by refusing a cup of tea to the fairy. The wood-cutter flew into a rage.

"Stupid woman!" he cried. "Had I met the fairy, I should have done his meanest bidding—yea, I would even have eaten the dust off the ground at his feet."

As they quarreled their neighbors returned from the festival, and when they heard the story, an Elder of the village said: "Just a few minutes ago a strange man in a beautiful cloak passed me swiftly on the road. Could it have been the fairy?"

"The fairy! The fairy!" every one cried, scattering in every direction.

The wood-cutter too ran and ran, searching here, there, and everywhere, but never a glimpse did he get of the strange man in the beautiful cloak. Sadly he turned home, murmuring over the stupidity of his wife. On the way a beggar stopped him.

"Master," he said, humbly, "I am hungry. I pray you give me a bowl of rice to eat."

"Old beggar," said the wood-cutter, "did you see a fairy pass? A strange man in a beautiful cloak?"

"No, master," answered the beggar.

"Ah!" sighed the wood-cutter. "Should I meet him, I would even eat the dirt at his feet."

"Sir, eat up the dirt at my feet!" commanded the beggar.

"Miserable wretch! Dare you mock me?" cried the wood-cutter and lifted his hand to strike him.

The beggar rose to his feet.

"Your wife sent me from your door with hard words," he said, sternly. "You despise me here on the roadside. I will go and leave you mortals in peace." And, scattering a trail of brightness behind, the fairy Lui Ton Pan rose through the dark night.

The poor wood-cutter fell on his knees, straining his eyes towards heaven. But the fairy did not come back.

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Surplus Cash in the Market

By
THOMAS H. GAMMACK

CORPORATIONS, partnerships, and individuals who have other businesses of their own have been dabbling in banking, with unfortunate results. That, at least, is the complaint of many of the established banks, and they have taken measures to limit the practice.

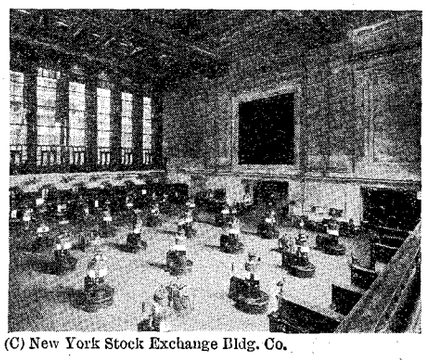
Their complaint is that, while the New York banks are themselves lending about $100,000,000 less to brokers than a year ago, they are lending nearly a billion dollars more for the account of "others." These loans represent funds lent on collateral, usually on call, for their clients, corporations, insurance companies, individuals, any one with spare cash on hand. For the service, the banks had been charging 5 per cent of the interest received. With the call rate at 6 per cent, the clients received 5.70 per cent per annum and the banks .30 per cent.

To curb these loans, the Clearing House Association, of which nearly every important New York bank is a member, has raised both the service charge for making loans for "others" and the interest which they pay on deposits. The service charge becomes a flat one-half per cent per annum, whatever interest the client receives. At the same time, members of the Association were forbidden to make for "others" loans of less than $100,000.

The banks undoubtedly will be criticised for this action, since those in possession of idle funds want to get as high a return on them as possible and they will not be thankful to the banks for cutting it down.

It must be admitted at the outset that the motive of the banks in changing the Clearing House rules was not entirely concern over the public welfare. It is reasonable to assume that a very substantial proportion of the funds that were being loaned by the banks for their customers would, if the collateral loan market had been closed to "others," have been left with the banks as deposits. Interest on deposits was being paid at a rate of only about two per cent, and the funds could have been employed by the banks at a much higher rate. The banks obviously earned smaller profits when they got only .30 per cent on potential deposits.

The fact that the banks had a material interest in wishing to limit the loans,



(C) New York Stock Exchange Bldg. Co.

however, does not necessarily invalidate their objections on the ground of the public welfare.

Their disapproval of the practice was based, ostensibly at least, on their contention that direct loans by corporations and individuals have an unhealthy and a potentially dangerous influence on the National credit situation. Their bill of particulars read something like this:

The traditional guardianship of the money market exercised by the banks for so many years should not be shared to any considerable extent with other organizations and individuals who have neither the training nor the sense of responsibility to fit them for the task. This summer, for instance, the Federal Reserve System has been using its influence to cut down the volume of collateral loans in order to release funds for agriculture and for legitimate business. The banks were willing to co-operate with the Reserve authorities but were frustrated by the funds poured into the securities markets by "others." In other words, one of the chief reasons why the stock market has had too much credit is because it has been supplied so bountifully by corporations and individuals.

The banks, moreover, as guardians of the money market, are careful not to disturb its stability by calling loans suddenly. The withdrawal of as much as $100,000,000 of the $3,000,000,000 in the call market is usually enough to shoot the rate up two or three per cent. Such a disturbance is manifestly undesirable. Corporations and individuals, feeling responsible only to themselves, would withdraw funds whenever they thought it advantageous to do so and without regard to the consequences.

Finally, there is always the danger that a great disaster such as the outbreak of a European war in 1914 would freeze the collateral loans. In such cases the banks might feel morally obligated to take over some of the loans in order to save clients from serious embarrassment.

The first retort to these objections is the familiar argument *ad hominem:*

"There is one reason, and one reason only, why the banks dislike to make loans for their clients—because they make less money than by holding funds as deposits."

This is all that some of the "others" bother to say. Detailed answers to the objections of the banks are along this order:

Surplus funds inevitably seek the most profitable employment, and this rule would prevail even if the banks were the sole stewards of the funds not needed at the moment by corporations and individuals. If the stock market offered a higher return than the other markets, it would have obtained approximately the same amount of funds as it has had this summer.

As to excessively wide fluctuations in call rates, whether or not corporations and individuals call loans in large amounts at times when the demand for funds is abnormally large, the banks can and, in fact, do take advantage of the high rates to pump funds into the market. It is always possible for them to borrow at the Federal Reserve banks for just this purpose. The alleviation of such strains was one of the purposes for the creation of Federal Reserve facilities.

The disaster of 1914 is the only one of its magnitude in this country since the Civil War, and, if a corporation or an individual can take any risk at all, it is safe to act on the assumption that there will not be another such calamity for some time.

It is doubtful if the new Clearing House regulations will change the credit situation materially. But it will be interesting to see whether the lenders will consent to pay the higher charges or will try to find some way of lending on collateral without using the banks as intermediaries.

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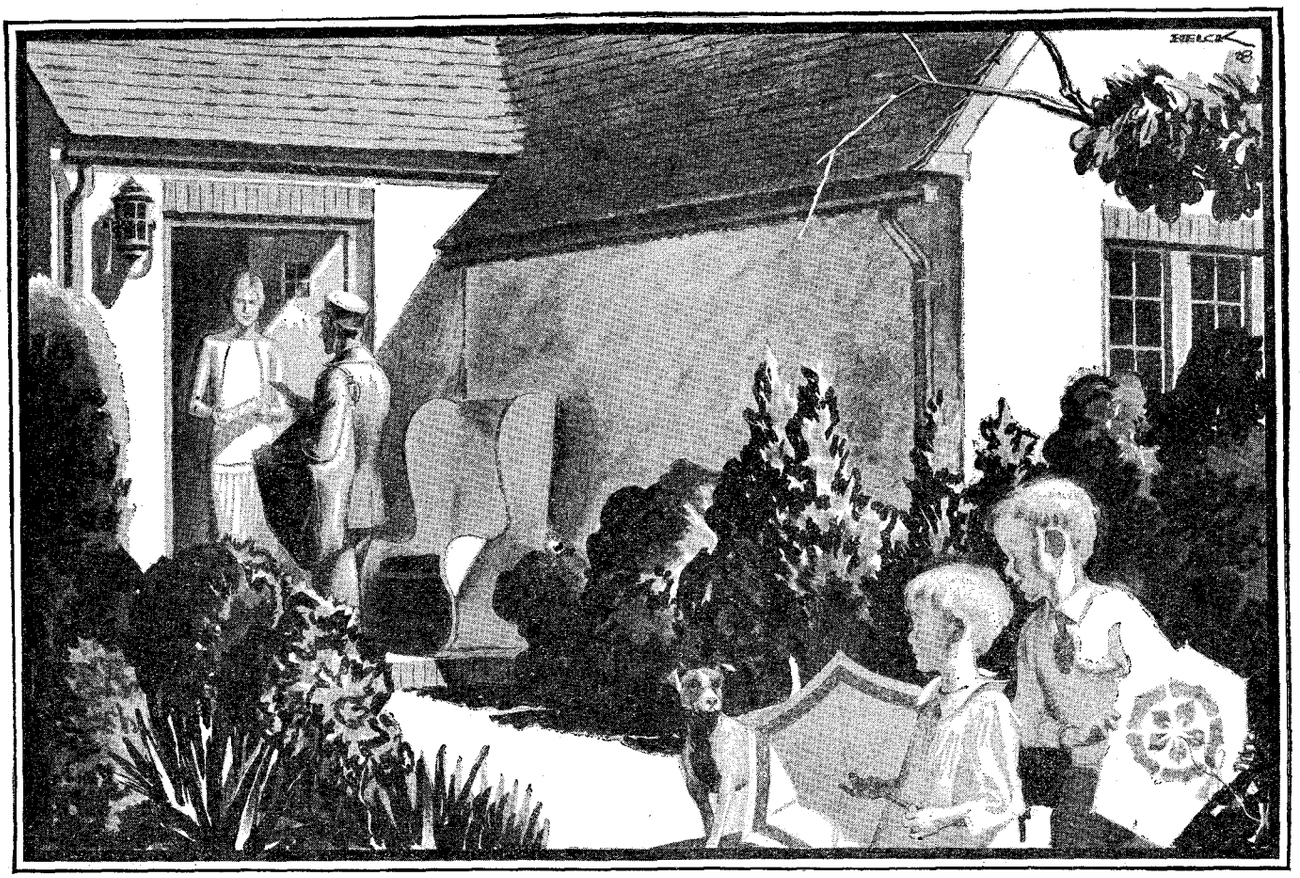

Where the Bell System's profit goes

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

THERE is in effect but one profit paid by the Bell Telephone System. This profit is not large, for it is the policy of the Bell System to furnish a constantly improving telephone service at the least cost to the public.

The treasury of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company receives dividends from the stock of the operating companies. It receives a payment from the operating companies for research, engineering and staff work. It receives dividends from the Western Electric Company—makers of supplies for the Bell System—and income from long distance operations.

Only one profit is taken from this money in the American Telephone and Telegraph Company's treasury. That is the regular dividend to its stockholders—now more than 420,000 in number—which it has never missed paying since its incorporation in 1885.

Money beyond regular dividend requirements and a surplus for financial stability is used to give more and better telephone service to the public. This is fundamental in the policy of the company.

The Bell System accepts its responsibility to provide a nation-wide telephone service as a public trust.

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By W. R. BROOKS

HAVE you put your winter's coal in yet? If you haven't—or even if you have—you may perhaps be interested in the Majestic Coal Window, which can be installed in any house. It is made of heavy steel and malleable iron, reinforced so as to be break-proof, and rust-proofed by the electro galvanizing process. The door opens upward and is held open automatically; when closed it automatically locks, and the catch can only be released by pulling a chain, which can be run through, like a furnace damper chain, to any part of the house. There is a hopper which can be pulled partly out when the door is open and does away with the necessity for a chute, when coal is put in in baskets or wheelbarrows. No more cellar windows with broken panes and grimy, coal-battered frames. No possibility of a burglar getting in through the coal-bin and stealing your diamond tiara.

The same company makes various types of chutes for different purposes, some with heavy glass panels for dark basements, chutes for stores and office buildings, and grade-line chutes for houses having little or none of the foundation above ground. Also there is an underground garbage receiver, whose top is flush with the ground, and which contains the garbage can. The lid is opened by stepping on a foot trip, and when closed fits snugly so that no odor escapes and no flies can get to the garbage.

There are several types of Majestic built-in garbage receivers. In one type the can sits on a shelf which is fastened to the door, so that when the door is opened the can is ready to receive the garbage. In another type the upper small door of the receiver opens into the kitchen to receive the garbage, the large lower one opens outdoors so that the can may be removed.

The Majestic Milk and Package Receiver makes it possible to receive parcels, groceries, etc., without going outside or opening a door. There are two doors. The delivery man opens the outer one and deposits the articles, then closes the door, which locks automatically, which cannot be opened again until the latch is released from the inside, thus making the receiver ready for further deliveries. This isn't a particularly new idea, but you may not have seen it before.

WE fear that we are acquiring an ill-deserved reputation for industry. A mysterious correspondent, signing herself V. B., citing Shakespeare and a Chinese gentleman named Po Chii or Chu (with an umlaut), refers to us as "singing masons, building roofs of gold," and also as a golden builder, who toils and sings. Well, now, this disturbs us. We are no bee. We toil not, neither do we sing. Sing! Try and do it in this office. Our artistic efforts meet with a total lack of appreciation—as witness the clever little drawings which we made and hoped in the simplicity of our heart would brighten and illuminate this page.

We tried singing. We thought that a ballad or two or a spiritual or a couple of arias might bring a little sunshine into the lives of our fellow-workers. We had visions of interesting them, too, in taking an active part, of forming a glee club and singing part songs during lunch hour. Well, what happened? We selected one rather simple old ballad, and after practicing it at home for a week or so, came down one morning full of happy anticipation. Then, just casually, as we sat at our desk, we burst into song. It was a well-known tune. We hoped that the others would join in happily, beating time with such of their office equipment as was handy—pencils and lipsticks and typewriters. They did join in, but not as we expected. When we made our first appearance at the office the following week, we found on our desk a memorandum from the editor: "Members of the staff will kindly refrain from shouting or making loud and uncouth noises during office hours, as it disturbs others and interferes with work." Well, that's that. We assure V. B. that we do not sing any more.

As for toiling: in our youth we studied some elementary natural history. We observed the grasshopper and the bee and the spider, and their methods. Leave the grasshopper out; he is plainly a fool. The bee, however, is also a fool. He toils, and for what? That we may have something to spread on our toast in the morning. But the spider does not toil. In winter he sleeps. In summer he sits comfortably in the middle of his web, with the cool breeze blowing through his whiskers, and waits for what the gods may send him. And they always send him something. We admire the spider, we have tried to emulate him. True, few flies tumble into our web; we go sometimes for weeks without even a gnat to munch on. But at least what we get is ours; we do not store it for others, and we have an awfully pleasant time.

WE know some people who are awfully nice people except that their tempers are a little shorter than other people's, especially early in the morning. And they occasionally throw things at each other at breakfast—not exactly *at* each other, you understand; just near enough to make it wiser to dodge. The results, of course, you can imagine—they were always repapering and redecorating the dining-room. Until they heard about Perma-kote, a washable wall-paper, from which a damp cloth will remove grease-spots, finger-marks, even ink-spots. They put it on the dining-room wall, and now their tempers are not so expensive. We mention it to you because even even-tempered people sometimes have to repaper their rooms.

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Is Europe Entangling America?

(Continued from page 613)

ment were to request Premier Mussolini to send his troops to repress a revolution (and incidentally occupy all roads threatening Yugoslavia) in virtue of the Treaty of Tirana, which notoriously was obtained by coercion. Yugoslavia, encouraged by France, mobilizes. Who is the aggressor? France and Italy will marshal their allies and clients in the League Council. One of the two parties will be solemnly declared the aggressor and violator of the world's peace. Then if America accepts Europe's view of her obligations, she will be bound to submit her merchant vessels to search by any Italian (or, as the case may be, French) war-ships which choose to stop them.

"Aggression" has become a highly technical concept. Scholars have been debating for ten years who was the aggressor in 1914. If scholars cannot agree on these matters after ten years of study, it may be imagined what the nations represented on the League Council would do in, perhaps, a single two-hour session. They would simply roll the dogs, as they have done in each of the nine cases in which the Council has hitherto been called upon to pass judgment on a threatened war.

Is America, then, now in the dilemma of being obliged to hitch her policies to European chariot-wheels, or else bear the moral onus of aiding war-makers and repudiating her own treaty? By no means.

Curiously enough, all attention has hitherto been centered on Article I of the treaty, under which the signatories "renounce war as an instrument of national policy." Almost nothing has been said about Article II, under which the signatories solemnly agree that "the settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts of whatever nature or of whatever origin they may be, which may arise among them, shall never be sought except by pacific means."

If America wishes to avoid being entangled against her will in European affairs, and to retain her initiative in fostering world peace, she need only invoke Article II in each instance *before* Article I is invoked by the League Council. Instead of joining, as a sort of heavenly detective, in a pious hunt for criminals, she need only insist politely on the affirmative obligation to settle disputes in a decent way before some kind of civil court, before they have become acute enough to threaten war.

It might be embarrassing at times to some of these peace-loving nations which are today more heavily armed than ever before in history. It might at times be embarrassing to America. But no one imagines that America can promote peace without making some sacrifices. And if America is to retain leadership she must actively promote peace.

This is not to suggest that America should assume initiative in all world problems. It is only to point out that America need run no risk either of being committed in European quarrels or of standing in haughty aloofness. By a continuous and active arbitration policy she may assist world peace and protect her independent interests as each occasion arises. But the one condition which is essential to such a policy is that American opinion shall continue to refuse to accord any peculiar moral authority to the Council of the League of Nations.

Is your city on the Air Map of America?

THE air map of America is now in the making —on the ground. A few years from now, cities will have been made —or side tracked— according to their enterprise in grasping their *present* opportunities.

Build now your station-stop for the increasing traffic of the air. Build as men of vision are building—not for the trickle of the pioneer air lines but for the powerful stream into which that trickle will presently swell, bearing on its current a score of affiliated industries and trades.

Air transportation is a night- and -day service. Night operations are essential in order that the airplane may deliver the essence of its service—*speed. Above all,* your airport must be lighted according to the most advanced practice. Airport lighting is a science in itself, in which General Electric has already established its leadership. Let us help you to specify the correct lighting for your airport. Write us.

The G-E monogram—whether on a 10,000-watt MAZDA lamp for your airport or a smaller MAZDA lamp for your home—is your assurance of electrical correctness and dependability.

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Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

The First Canterbury Play

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

"The Coming of Christ," by John Masefield. The Macmillan Company.

FOR the first time since the Middle Ages, a play has been given in the nave of an English cathedral. Nor was it a revival, such as antiquarian and stage societies have been putting on with increasing frequency in the past few years in churches and in theatres. In spirit and in form it is of the great tradition, conforming to the type of those mystery plays out of which modern drama came into being, but its language and its ideas are simply and sincerely those of today. "The Coming of Christ," by John Masefield, in the Whitsun holidays of this year brought to Canterbury more than seven thousand present-day pilgrims. The audiences came from everywhere, but there was no tourist attraction. The Dean of Canterbury had asked that such a mystery play be written "as a means of dedicating the arts of poetry, music, and painting to the service of religion." John Masefield had responded, not only with the words of the poem, but as the producer, holding everything together with the power he undoubtedly possesses of communicating to others his profound conviction of spiritual verities. With him was Gustav Holst, the composer, making the music for chorus with orchestral background, and Charles Ricketts, R.A., designing the costumes, and a cast of townspeople, anonymous and depending less upon stage experience—which scarce any of them had had—than upon lifelong acquaintance with the extraordinary natural stage provided by Prior Chittenden in the fifteenth century by his construction of the cathedral choir, and upon an unmistakable spirit of devotion.

To reach Canterbury Cathedral one goes through the streak of lane through which centuries of pilgrims have passed, through which indeed passed in sinister haste the bravos who struck down Thomas à Becket and started the pilgrimages. In whatever frame of mind those who journeyed to this play had left home, they must have been caught up into something of its spirit before they had passed Chaucer's "Chequers of Hope" and the even older mediæval building that overhangs the narrow way opposite, and saw ahead the crowd in waiting.

So far as research can show, a play had never been given in Canterbury Cathedral, even when the drama was under the direct patronage of the Church. Why this was so it is hard to see, now that it has been done, for a more convenient place could not have been arranged. Possibly one thinks this with the modern playhouse in mind, for the arch of the choir is precisely that of a present-day proscenium, while the broad steps leading from the choir screen to the lower level of the nave provides such levels as the Theatre Guild must carefully construct with an eye on Gordon Craig. Through the door in this screen and from the depths of the choir thus revealed the heavenly characters appeared; they seemed to come literally from the stars, for the gaze of the audience looking past and beyond them up the steps met the matchless colors of the mediæval windows, shining in the spring twilight. From this remote glory came a trumpeter to dispense with a rising curtain, for there was no scenery and the only hangings were those high up, to cope with echoes. Here four Angels—The Power, The Sword, The Mercy, and The Light—made each his solemn entrance in a stillness so complete that his cloth-of-gold mantle could be heard crunching richly on the marble. A purpose, they announce, is moving in the mind of the Divine:

> Even now that shining Spirit leaves the realms
> Of the bright souls with the exultant helms
> And stands here at the brink
> Of life's red sea which stains and overwhelms,

and the towering forms bend before the entrance of a white-robed, jewel-crowned figure.

Prepared as every one must have been for the appearance of some form resembling that of the traditional Christ in art, this actual figure must have come with all the quality of surprise. Upon it depended to a great degree the success of the production—not as drama which was, after all, rather its form than its intent, but as an effort to convey in this solemn setting and by means outside those of accepted ritual a sense of vivid reality of Christian faith. If there had been about this figure a trace of theatricalism, the whole performance would have been abhorrent. There was not. His robe was seamless, his features and the arrangement of his hair like enough to that of mediæval tradition and the crown and scepter agreed with the brooding majesty of his expression. His voice, lighter in quality than those of the stentorian angels, cheated the reverberations and carried every word to the ear.

The Powers set before him the nature of man, "the insect made of clay who worms devour," who, far from welcoming him as deliverer, will hunt him to death:

> Man will not change for one voice crying truth,
> And dying, beautiful as fire, for wisdom.

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd.
Portland, Oregon—J. K. Gill Company.

Fiction

"Swan Song," by John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons. Read either as the last book of the "Forsyte Saga" or as an independent story, this masterly novel should please all readers. Reviewed August 1.

"Beau Ideal," by Percival Christopher Wren. The Frederick A. Stokes Company. The third story of the Geste trilogy, which will be welcomed by lovers of the two which preceded it. The Foreign Legion in Africa once more supplies the theme. Not an atom of reality, but the action is exciting. Reviewed July 25.

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni. Those who have not yet read this beautifully written story have a delight in store.

"Brook Evans," by Susan Glaspell. The F. A. Stokes Company. This love story of three generations will touch and please any adult reader. It is tragic, truthful, and beautifully written. Reviewed July 25.

"Tide of Empire," by Peter B. Kyne. The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. The love story of an Irish adventurer and a Spanish lady in the great days of the California gold rush. To be reviewed later.

Non-Fiction

"Strange Interlude," by Eugene O'Neill. Boni & Liveright. This play, in which the dramatist steals some of the novelist's best psychological thunder, is as good to read as to see.

"The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism," by George Bernard Shaw. Brentano's. Almost every one will agree with G. B. S. this time; and any one with the patience to read his long book through will find it marked by his usual wit and wide interests. Reviewed July 4.

"Disraeli," by André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co. You will enjoy this charming and vivid biography.

"Jesus, the Son of Man," by Emil Ludwig. Boni & Liveright. Readers of Ludwig's great biographies will be interested in this, if only to see how badly the biographer of Napoleon and Bismarck can fail. Reviewed July 25.

"Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing," by Samuel Hoffenstein. Boni & Liveright. If you enjoy light verse, this is the very best.

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Like a stone falling in a
stagnant pond,
You will but make a ripple
swiftly stilled
By the green weed. . . .

But his purpose grows:

Anima Christi

O you Powers,
Might not my coming light a
way for men
From earth's unhappiness to
very God?

The Power

Such way has ever been, yet
few have passed.

Anima Christi

Yet if I make it plain with
my heart's blood,
It will be better known, more
tried, more used,
More bright with spirits pass-
ing and men climbing?

Peter and Paul are summoned from the future to give their witness, until at last comes the decision:

Having beheld man's misery,
sin, and death,
Not to go on were treason.

With scepter and crown laid by, the smaller stature and more slender form, suddenly made evident by contrast with the angels' golden height, gives a peculiar poignancy to the moment when with arms outstretched as on a cross he cries,

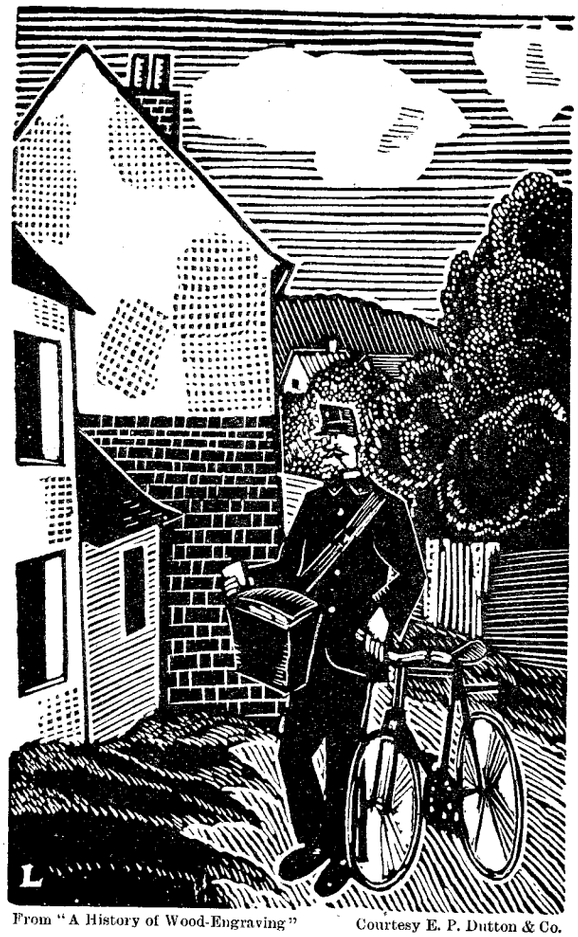
O brother Man, I come: hate me not
always,

and passes through the angelic ranks into the choir above, while the voices of an unseen chorus, the "Host of Heaven," singing over the choir screen, are heard:

O sing, as thrushes in the winter lift
Their ecstasy aloft among black
boughs. . . .

Awake and sing; for in the stable-
cave,
Man's heart, the sun has risen, Spring
is here.
The withered bones are laughing in
the grave,
Darkness and winter perish, Death
and Fear:
A new life enters Earth, who will
make clear
The Beauty, within touch, of God the
King.
O mortals, praise him! O awake and
sing!

The song of which this is a part is arranged to begin with one soprano voice, followed by women's voices in unison, then a tenor alone, and then full harmony, with the result that the words are more readily distinguished than one would have believed possible; the music has stood aside for the poem, as indeed it does throughout the play. An organ has been so far the only accompaniment, but now a modern grand piano somewhere concealed leads an emphatic, straightforward chorus of marching men, the retainers of the Three Kings. These enter from the transept, as all the earthly characters do, and line the steps to the right, singing in unison; they are in silver mail with brilliant banners. The Magi look as if the rulers under whom this arch was raised had come to revisit it. Mr. Ricketts wisely kept away from contemporary stage color-effects and held to such mediævalism as he had given the London production of "Saint Joan." Baltasar is in mail with crimson cloak; Gaspar, easily the most splendid figure in the assembly, is wrapped in ermine with a headdress of coral velvet, over his white glove a flashing ring; the aged Melchior's turban and mantle are gold and green. Each has reached success in his own way and found frustration. Baltasar has won by war; his son is dead and Death waits to disperse his kingdom. Melchior has been baffled in his search for truth through the world's wisdom. Gaspar has won by wealth, and soon "must die, leaving all I possess, losing all of my schemes."



From "A History of Wood-Engraving" Courtesy E. P. Dutton & Co.

FACTEUR RURAL

A wood engraving by J. E. Laboureur

The marching men sing off the Magi, and the Host of Heaven preludes the coming of the Shepherds. Any one who has read a mediæval mystery play knows that these were the characters intrusted with "comic relief" and permitted the widest latitude not only in byplay but in talk. Indeed, it was largely the shepherds that in the end got the drama turned out of the Church altogether, and those in this play were so much in the tradition that they came near doing it this time. For when the text was published, some ten days before the performance, protests appeared in every newspaper in London about the inflammatory speeches these ex-soldiers and social revolutionaries were to be permitted to make within the walls, one might say with the sanction, of the Church itself.

It's a cruel hard shame to be
up in the frost on the
wold
A-tending another man's
sheep, while you freeze
to the bone.
What we want is a good revolu-
tion, . . .

says Sandy, and Earthy replies:

Let the many be served by the
few. . . .
It's time they did, the rich and great,
To pay for what they did to me:
They said that I must serve the state
And fight poor heathen oversea:
And there I stayed among the mud
In beds of lice and deeds of blood
Until they chose to let it be.
Four years they kept me, "serving,"
so they said:
Ordered like dogs, and Death to all
who disobeyed.

Here was the Masefield of "Dedication" fulfilling his early pledge so thoroughly indeed that he raised some ghosts he did not altogether lay. Certainly the rebuke of the "right-minded" shepherd did not altogether meet the case, being the time-honored one of bumping their heads together. But just as the "village atheist" is declaring "there never was a God and never will be," The Power is heard announcing good tidings of great joy. From the heavenly portal enter ranks of angels in deep blue with wings such as Fra Angelico gave them; they fill the higher

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steps, the Kings troop in to the left lower down, the Shepherds crouch to the right. Framed in the door appears a throne-shaped litter in the colors of a Della Robbia altar-piece, the Mother immobile as a statue, the sleeping Child a polychrome figure such as appears in a *crêche*. The Magi offer their gifts in rapid happy verse, sharply contrasting with their previous desperate musings; the Shepherds promise a cradle and a fleece. Then they take up the litter and bear it down the steps into the very nave, where the audience is singing with the Host of Heaven, across the transept and out of sight. The great Angels pass through the door one by one. Last of all, The Power raises his gold-swathed arm and cries aloud,

Friends, Christ is come within this hall.

The justification of the play is that the audience to a man profoundly believes it. The trumpet sounds once more, and the people depart. It is not fanciful to say that one may see in their faces as they move silently through the shadowy close that for the moment at least they are thinking of the mystery as just begun, rather than of a mystery play that has just ended.

It was the purpose of this play to express by noble verse, by gesture, by music, by the language of color and of motion, some sense, otherwise inexpressible, of the mystic reality of religion. To this purpose everything was directed. It was this that made the performance unforgettable.

The Busman's Holiday

Sorrento, Maine.

A BUSMAN on his holiday takes a drive. The confirmed reader, closing the last book which he *has* to read for a while, turns around and picks up another.

It is safe to assume that any one who takes the trouble to read these pages at the back of The Outlook is interested in books to the extent of being a confirmed reader. They offer little aid and comfort to the seeker after topics of conversation who reads reviews in order to be able to discuss (*sic*) the books reviewed. A confirmed reader will not bother much about discussing books. What he likes is to read them. A confirmed reader is a fortunate person, but not necessarily an entertaining companion. There are not enough confirmed readers and too many people who read at books. The messianic impulse with which we engaged in the bookselling business, some ten years ago, disappeared quickly and gave place to a profound thankfulness that the useful book-store slogan—Buy a Book a Week—did not in the least mean Read a Book a Week. And the older we grow, the more heartily we believe that a social group in which one man read the King James Bible, one, the Greek tragedians, one, Cervantes, one, Plato, one, Shakespeare, one, Dante, one, Ward's "English Poets," one, Goethe, one, Spinoza, and one, let's say for fun, James Joyce, exclusively and constantly, and the other ninety read nothing at all would be more valuable and far more lively than a group in which every man reads at a little something. And as for women—the day that the first woman was first taught her A B C's marked the beginning of the end.

But confirmed readers do happen. And the confirmed reader going on vacation will carry books. Every one has his standbys. One man will always have a book of poetry about him, and be no mollycoddle either; another cannot travel without "English Prose from Mandeville to Ruskin," the little blue Oxford Press edition; some still carry the Bible. Yes, they do. Reading is a rest from violent exercise, a solace to the disappointed sportsman, a refuge from too talkative companions. Such are the confirmed reader's excuses for loading his baggage with books. Whatever your excuse, if you are in momentary doubt as to what to add to your standbys, may we, a busman on a holiday ourselves, say a word?

Suppose you give over strictly contemporary reading for a few weeks. Your interest in the current novels which you will again pick up next winter will be greater if you read some of their great forerunners. Perhaps it would be oversanguine to suggest starting off with the Arthurian romances or Chaucer. Chaucer does come, in part, in a modernized version, is, anyway, not so hard as you may think to read in the original, and is especially interesting just now, as some of our strongest young writers aspire to do for America what Chaucer did for the English language and literature—to set down in the vernacular the life and thought of the day. But if you read the Arthurian romances or Chaucer you will have to do it *sub rosa* or your children will think you have turned highbrow, and that would be a bad thing. Leave them and Sidney's "Arcadia" and the seventeenth-century books of sketches called "Characters," and other forerunners of the English novel proper—or, if you can pick up in the library "The English Novel," by Walter Raleigh, read about them, most delightfully in that—and begin your vacation reading with a book which you and I and every one else can readily recognize as a novel and can read with great pleasure, "Jonathan Wild," by Fielding. We have no catalogues or reference books here, and we cannot tell you whether this can be had in Everyman's Library or the World's Classics or not. But one fat book might be carried, anyway. "Jonathan Wild" is not only fine reading, but it is interesting as an example of the English version of the picaresque novel, a thing frequently mentioned by contemporary reviewers, partly because some excellent modern stories of adventure are modeled after the old picaresque novels, and partly because "picaresque" is a beautiful and slightly tricky word to use. "Jonathan Wild is the story of a highwayman who was bad all through and gallant to the last. We are accustomed to having our bad men turn out to be detectives in the end, or at least to reform in jail and advise other bad men that they cannot win and had better give up before they get caught. Jonathan Wild did not do that. Perhaps you may like him all the better for it. Then why not read, or re-read, "Tristram Shandy," by Sterne, which comes now in the Modern Library for ninety-five cents, and excellent print, too? Tristram, as you remember, barely manages to get himself born in that long book, but his Uncle Toby lives there, and is a person whom no one who is still capable of uncontrolled laughter and unashamed tears can afford to forget. There are no books like "Tristram Shandy" being written now, more's the pity! After that, you might try the work of two ladies, the only two who have attained the high, windy plain of heaven in the creative arts. Read "Pride and Prejudice," by Jane Austen, and "Wuthering Heights," by Emily Brontë. Both can be had in Everyman's Library (Dutton) and "Wuthering Heights," we think, comes in the Modern Library, too. "Pride and Prejudice" is the greatest book written by a sane woman (at least, comparatively sane; no one who writes as well as Jane Austen can be quite sane), and "Wuthering Heights" is the greatest book ever written by a mad one. They are both, as might be expected, love stories, and grand ones. The comedy of love has never been more subtly and exquisitely played than by Elizabeth Bennet and Darcy, its tragedy never more terribly than by Heathcliffe and Catherine. Jane Austen's influence is very persistent. The current novels of manners, even when dramatic rather than narrative in style, take much from her. That was recently very amusingly illustrated in Margot Asquith's book "Octavia," where the elegant and compact Austenesque style is constantly opposed to what we believe is the author's natural tendency toward vulgarity.

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After those two, and a rest of a day or so after "Wuthering Heights," you might try "Quentin Durward," by the illustrious father of modern historical romance, find yourself transported into a world of color, intrigue, and adventure, and see, not only how well Scott wrote and how much he knew, but how closely contemporary writers of historical fiction follow his pattern.

Perhaps you read Dickens and Thackeray in your teens, have not touched them since, and grumble because your boy won't read them. Your boy can scarcely be expected to appreciate them. The children who were brought up on Dickens and Thackeray usually enjoyed a privilege which is now uncommon. They heard them read aloud to the family, around a table and a lamp, on winter evenings. The meanings of the things they could not understand they read in the smiling, tender faces of their parents. Read "Our Mutual Friend" and "The Newcomes" again, and rediscover the perfect bed books. We like Trollope and recommend "The Eustace Diamonds," if you can get it separately. It is brilliant and amusing, and in it you meet Trollope's most charming woman character, Lady Glencora Palliser. Having met her, you will find it hard to resist going back into the Barchester novels and forward into the Parliamentary ones to see her again and again. If you like detective stories, you might get "The Moonstone," by Wilkie Collins, in the World's Classics (Oxford Press). It is the first, longest, and best English detective novel. Everything good in current ones can be found in it. It has affected them all.

Our suggestions for novels end with Meredith. He is not very popular just now. Writers may be afraid of him. His style has a way of fastening itself upon one, and after reading much of him, willy-nilly one imitates him—superficially. Those who read him for the first time will find their greatest pleasure and greatest stimulus in "Diana of the Crossways" (Modern Library, almost certainly). This is so absorbing, so disturbing a story that it cannot be put down unfinished, and by the time you have finished it Meredith will have caught you and you will be ready for that most enchanting book, "The Egoist."

When you have read all these, you will have read some of the greatest examples of the English novel since that wonderful and blessed thing took its present form; and you will go back to your reading of contemporary novels with much riper critical appreciation, and therefore much keener pleasure—if you ever go back at all. **F. C. L. R.**

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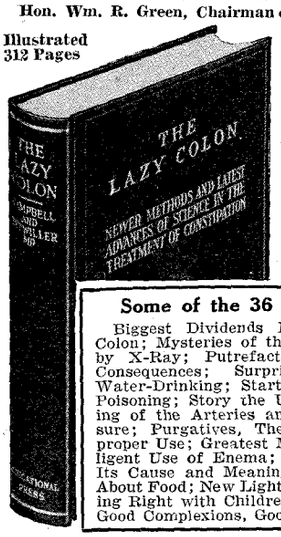
Hon. Wm. R. Green, Chairman of the great Revenue Committee of Congress, wrote: "A good title for this fine book would be **How to Add 20 Years to Your Life.**"

Professor John Dewey, Columbia University: "I have read the book, parts of it several times. You have rendered us all a service by making this material available."

Prof. E. V. McCollum, Johns Hopkins University: "It is very well written and should accomplish much good."

Dr. J. H. Kellogg, Battle Creek, Mich.: "The authors are to be congratulated on producing this excellent work."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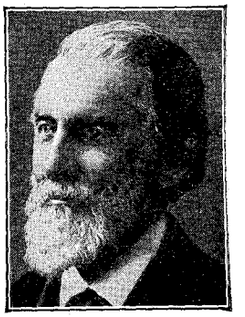

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The Movies

(See page 628)

"Abie's Irish Rose."—Just like the play. It's a system.
"Across to Singapore."—Ramon Novarro and Ernest Torrence pulling nautical rough stuff.
"The Big City."—Lon Chaney using his regular face.
"The Big Killing."—Beery and Hatton. Funny in spots.
"The Big Noise."—Chester Conklin and some pretty biting satire.
"The Chaser."—Harry Langdon scores a miss.
"The Circus."—If you don't like Chaplin, you're the funny one.
"The Cossacks."—John Gilbert obeys the current behest to "keep smiling."
"Burning Daylight."—Won't set fire to anything.
"The Actress."—"Trelawney of the Wells" picturized, with a fine cast.
"The Crowd."—A sad story, beautifully directed.
"Dawn."—The soul-stirring drama of Edith Cavell.
"Doomsday."—Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear!
"Dressed to Kill."—The ace of the crook plays.
"The Drag Net."—Don't ask us why you'll like it—go and see it.
"Drums of Love."—Pomp, pathos, and Lionel Barrymore.
"The End of St. Petersburg."—Startlingly fine Russian production.
"Fazil."—Charles Farrell and Greta Nissen in something terribly phony.
"Four Sons."—It's a fine film, but too long.
"Fools for Luck."—Chester Conklin and W. C. Fields—but the verdict is "No."
"The Gaucho."—No one is perfect—not even Douglas Fairbanks.
"Glorious Betsy."—The second talking movie. Still not good enough.
"Hangman's House."—Swell photography, good direction, and good acting.
"How to Handle Women."—It doesn't tell you how, or anything.
"The Jazz Singer."—Al Jolson sings, and that's all.
"Kentucky Courage."—A successor to "Tol'able David," with Richard Barthelmess.
"Ladies of the Mob."—Clara Bow gets a chance to act and does so.
"The Last Command."—The great Jannings. See it.
"The Last Moment."—Good photography, but little else.
"The Legion of the Condemned."—The so-called sequel to "Wings."
"The Lights of New York."—How curious are you about talking pictures?
"The Lion and the Mouse."—Lionel Barrymore talks—making this picture worth going to.
"Love."—Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. Recommended.
"A Night of Mystery."—Adolphe Menjou—just fair.
"The Man Who Laughs."—An impressive, entertaining picture.
"Mother Machree."—A nice, mushy Irish-American drama.
"The News Parade."—The cameraman and his adventures. Pleasant enough.
"Partners in Crime."—Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton in a darned good comedy.
"The Patsy."—King Vidor directs Marion Davies, to the credit of neither.
"The Magnificent Flirt."—Sophisticated and funny, with Florence Vidor and Albert Conti.
"The Noose."—A moderately absorbing film, with Richard Barthelmess, Alice Joyce, and Montague Love.
"The Racket."—The triumphant return of Thomas Meighan.
"Ramona."—Scenically beautiful, but pretty syrupy.
"The Red Dance."—Pulled through by Raoul Walsh's stalwart direction.
"Red Hair."—Clara Bow in her big disrobing act.
"Sadie Thompson."—Gloria Swanson trying hard.
"The Secret Hour."—Pola Negri in a good picture.
"Simba."—The Martin Johnson masterpiece.
"Skyscraper."—Thoroughly enjoyable.
"Steamboat Bill, Jr."—Buster Keaton in a really funny one.
"The Strange Case of Captain Ramper."—Out of the ordinary.
"The Michigan Kid."—One unusually clever double-exposure sequence.
"Something Always Happens."—An amusing little thriller, with the ornamental Esther Ralston.
"Street Angel."—A beautiful, tiresome picture.
"Tempest."—John Barrymore comes into his own. Cheers!
"Tenderloin."—The first (and worst) talking movie.
"Three Sinners."—Pola Negri in a bad picture.
"Wings."—The great epic of the war-birds.
"The Street of Sin."—Regardless of Emil Jannings, we thought it was terrible.
"Two Lovers."—Last of the Colman-Bankys. Interesting.
"Sunrise."—Dr. Murnau's supreme achievement.
"Telling the World."—At last—a good William Haines picture.
"The Trail of '98."—The grandest scenes now on view.
"Warming Up."—Richard Dix and Jean Arthur make this baseball picture a good show.
"Wheel of Chance."—A fine double-rôle performance by Richard Barthelmess.

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Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

John Clyde Oswald's
A History of Printing
Appleton

All who are interested in the art of typography, from Gutenberg to Goudy, will find pleasure and profit in this volume. The author is a former editor of the "American Printer," and President of the American Institute of Graphic Arts, and many years of research have gone to the writing of it. The fine illustrations—more than a hundred and forty of them, many in colors—giving examples of the work of various printers, add greatly to its value. There are separate chapters on the history of printing in various countries, and on type faces, paper, binding, the evolution of the press, and on education and organization in the trade. We were particularly interested to learn that there is nothing new about the literary censorship of which we hear so much complaint nowadays, as in Nuremberg in 1524 the Pope's legate decreed that "some holy and learned men should peruse and examine what came from the press, and that which they disapproved should not be sold." We liked that about the holy and learned men.

Robert E. McClure's
Lady in Marble
Doubleday, Doran

Shows what happens when people from Cincinnati go to Paris. Kate and Clark Gardner got there and ran across Chérie Kalb, the inevitable girl from home who is studying art in the city by the Seine. They saw quite a lot of Chérie, and Clark fell for her pretty hard, but everything went well until one evening in a restaurant Chérie and Clark had special wine and Kate drank *vin ordinaire*. After that Kate grew more and more jealous and Clark more and more fatuous, until they went back to Cincinnati. As a picture of the antics and self-deceptions of a man in love it is pretty good. As a story it doesn't get anywhere particularly.

John Buchan's
The Runagates Club
Houghton, Mifflin

A dozen short stories of mystery and adventure told by the members of a club which meets weekly for that purpose. Most of the members are characters from former adventure stories by Mr. Buchan. We liked best the supernatural stories—*The Green Wildebeest* and *The Wind in the Portico*. The touch is surer in them. Though Mr. Buchan can do much better. The stories in *The Moon Endureth*, written some fifteen years ago by the same author, simply lay all over these later efforts. It's only fair to say that they also lay all over most other stories of the same kind we have ever read.

Carroll John Daly's
The Man in the Shadows
Clode

There was a card in the mail that day, "a card that would have puzzled most men, but simply drew into heavier wrinkles the high intelligent forehead of Clarence Johnstone." It read: "The three of spades is out of the pack again." And then a dead man was found on the beach with a three of spades pinned to his breast with a dagger. And the high intelligent forehead gathered more wrinkles because behind it was the knowledge that Nixon Carleton was out of jail and after revenge. There's a kidnapping and a lot of shooting, indoors and out, in fog and clear weather, and a sinister figure in a raincoat who is the head criminal and turns out to be—well, give a guess. We were troubled by the use of "of" as a verb, and by mention in the blurb of a detective who doesn't appear in the story at all. But it's a good fast-moving yarn, at that.

Stanley J. Weyman's
The Lively Peggy
Longmans

This, the last of the Weyman books to be ready for publication before the author's death, is no worthy successor to *A Gentleman of France* and *Under the Red Robe*. All the action and adventure takes place off stage, leaving for our direct contemplation only a group of rather dull people living in an English seaport at the time of the Napoleonic wars. We had a hard time getting through it.

J. J. Connington's
Mystery at Lynden Sands
Little, Brown

There's the strange death of Peter Hay, then the murder of Staveley, the attack on Cargill, and the disappearance of Fordingbridge. Are they separate and distinct events, or can they be bound together to make a rope strong enough to hang some one—some one besides Cressida Fleetwood, who, in spite of appearances, we don't believe fired the fatal shot? If you don't work out the solution for yourself, it's your fault, not the author's. Mr. Connington—who isn't Mr. Connington at all, but a well-known British scientist—gives you all the facts, and gives them to you entertainingly, so that even if you are one of those people who look at a detective story as a story and not as a puzzle, you'll find this one worth an evening.

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Company Men

(*Continued from page 620*)

or to shake his head in solemn agreement when there is made the declaration that the American workman is not sufficiently adult to use leisure wisely—simply because this is the sort of thing his fellows understand?

In companies, as in democracies, the average intelligence predominates. Unlike a democracy, the business cabinet, the directors, more frequently than not reach their positions through merit. It seems hardly necessary to remark that merit may mean a number of things. It nearly always means safety, dependability, experience. It may mean personal charm, forcefulness, or just a way of emitting platitudes which makes them sound important. It sometimes means brilliance, but that brilliance is sure to be accompanied by a fine sense of balance. Merit, in the last analysis, must be at the helm, or the craft of big business might smash. Nevertheless, if standardized regulations were decreased, if red tape were eliminated, would not the individual have a btter chance to rise above the dead level of the brain power of organized mediocrity? And would not the corporations and the public ultimately gain thereby?

The industrial world is not unaware of the imperfections this article has outlined. It knows that there is no wall separating a man's work completely from his wider concepts of life, over which he climbs at the end of his business day. It realizes that a man's life is affected by all of his human relationships, both business and social; that his personality is enormously influenced by environment. It has been known to refer to such scratches on the crystal of perfection as "inherent difficulties of a big organization." It has moved in certain directions. The loss of individual initiative which standardization, specialization, the lack of a feeling of independence, and mere size cause is being made up for somewhat by more specialization. Departments are devised whose duties consist of originating better ways of doing things, better and more economical ways of making things. One might almost call them "Initiative Departments." The growth of research, on which the leading corporations of our land are now spending some $200,000,000 annually, is traceable partially to a recognition of automotive loss. The offering of awards for usable suggestions, the more or less subtle propaganda of the company magazine—these, and many other schemes, attempt to stimulate the initiative which "inherent difficulties of a big organization" tends to destroy.

Big business takes fairly kindly to criticism. It knows that it may learn something thereby. Its mind is open. It has a passion for self-examination. It may appoint a committee to study the question "What Has Become of the Lost Personalities of Company Men?" It may even find an answer. But the odds are heavy that such an answer would recommend a standardized cure for a standardized ill.

Olympic Aces and Deuces

(*Continued from page 625*)

well be imagined. There was nothing to indicate that Hahn was out of condition when he went to the mark in the final. Yet, certainly having enough speed for the first quarter, and knowing that his only hope lay in a fast quarter, he turned in the first round in 55 seconds. This was playing right into the hands of Douglas Lowe, the English star. It is my opinion, and that of others from whom I have heard by private cable, that Lowe could have beaten Hahn the best day of his career.

It has been said that the Americans were overtrained, and that they had no chance to get back into shape after the journey over, that they over-ate, that they found quarters on board stuffy and uncomfortable. If they over-ate, where were the trainers who were hired to guard against just such a contingency? If they should not have lived on shipboard, why had some one not studied the experiences at Stockholm when our team lived on a ship and came home with a rich share of championships? If they had no time to get in shape after landing, and there were no facilities, what of the preliminary expedition of Lawson Robertson, head coach, who had been sent over to make the necessary arrangements? No, we were arrogant and lazy—that was our background. And I will further venture the opinion that there was not too much harmony among the coaches and trainers themselves. So far we have heard only from those who cable articles to American syndicates. We have yet to hear from those who do not write. When our athletes get home, they will have a long rest, and then they will have to buckle down to preparation for the next Olympiad. I will wager that I can count on my fingers the men who will have learned a real lesson from the handling of this expedition and the performances of the foreigners, and will be prepared to profit by it.

Just one little detail in passing. We have not developed steeplechasers in this country, and we have made no effort to do so, since the passing of the Harriers of the old days. Granting that we do not care to do so, why take any steeplechasers with us? At the Boston try-outs the steeplechase course was a joke. No man who qualified, in the light of the conditions it was known he must face abroad, earned his passage except as an act of favoritism. But enough, I think, has been said. Let us take off our hats to the nations that have turned out the real champions on the track and over the hurdles, and settle down in a chastened spirit to try again.

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